

Américas

FEBRUARY - - - - 1959

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS
BERMUDA, NASSAU AND CARIBBEAN SEA

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES
INTERCOASTAL SERVICE
New York to California
1959 - 1960 - 1960

ONLY \$726.80
PER PERSON DOUBLE OCCUPANCY
INCLUDING ROUND TRIP FARE FROM MIAMI

TENNIS
In
SOUTH
AMERICA

RIO DE JANEIRO
SAO PAULO
SERVIC

SERVICES
& FACILITIES
FOR CHILDREN

Soon after we sail, your steward
will visit you to explain children's
and ask about your special needs

If you are traveling First Class on

at Atlantic President Lines, this is for you

is more, and in addition there are many
in the regular cruise suitable for children
with both. There is no cost for making ex-
tra, we will not think to exclude the only
more, they'll want to know the only
of the world of the first sitting chamber
and board member of the revolution, but
of any more

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

EXTRA!

ACAPULCO

Acapulco

ACAPULCO

número anual de turismo
annual travel issue



Américas

Volume 11, Number 2, February 1959

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

CONTENTS

- 2 TOURISTS À LA CARTE Jorge Artel
- 5 SIGHT-SEEING IN ANTARCTICA Robert A. Nichols
- 11 MONTEVIDEO CELEBRATES CARNIVAL Luis Blanco Alvarez
- 16 THE HOME OF THE SUN Bill Prochnau
- 21 FOOTSTEPS IN THE NIGHT (A short story) José Donoso
- 24 HALF URUGUAY, HALF BRAZIL Héctor Pereyra Suárez as told to Benedicta S. Monsen
- 28 SONG AND STATESMANSHIP Armando Zegri
- 32 GREAT JUMPING FROGS! Gilbert Khachadourian
- 34 FROM THE NEWSSTANDS
- 38 KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' TOURIST HAUNTS?
- 39 BOOKS
RECENT U.S. LITERATURE Hubert Herring
- 42 GRAPHICS CREDITS
- 43 LETTERS

Published by

Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D.C., U.S.A.
José A. Mora, Secretary General
William Sanders, Assistant Secretary General

Editor

Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors

George C. Compton
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz
Wilson Velloso
Betty Wilson

Assistant Editors

Elizabeth B. Kilmer
Hilton Danilo Meskus
Raúl Nass

Cover

Design by Hubert Leckie

Any article not copyrighted may be reprinted from AMÉRICAS, provided it is accompanied by the following credit line: "Reprinted from AMÉRICAS, monthly magazine published by the Pan American Union in English, Spanish, and Portuguese." Articles must carry the author's name and a copy of the reprint should be sent to the office of AMÉRICAS. This permission does not apply to illustrations.

Subscriptions: Address all orders or inquiries to Sales and Promotion Division, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C. Rates \$4.00 for one year, \$7.00 for two years, \$9.00 for three years, for the English, Spanish, or Portuguese edition in the United States and Canada, or for the English edition in other countries of the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain; add one dollar extra for postage to countries outside the Union. Single copies 35¢. Please allow two months for change of address, and include the old as well as the new address. For information on microfilms of AMÉRICAS, address University Microfilms, 313 North First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

Tourists seem to delight in telling about the tortures inflicted on them by agricultural inspectors who fling frothy nylon high and wide as they search for poinsettias in an overnight bag; by public-health officials who unceremoniously plunge a hypo into your arm because you embraced a friend just in from Boliguay and cannot produce a smallpox-vaccination certificate on the spot; by train conductors who announce a ten-hour delay on a desolate mountainside when there is no dining car. All of which add "local color" and laughs when the anecdotes are told back home—but do nothing to encourage others to travel the same routes.

The OAS, through the Inter-American Travel Congresses and their Permanent Executive Committee, has long been striving to eliminate the snags and snarls that too often confront tourists in the Western Hemisphere countries. Francisco J. Hernández, the Permanent Secretary of the Congresses, and his staff at the Pan American Union are kept constantly busy doing research on entry, transport, and health regulations; hotel facilities; road-building progress; and the like. These are the spurs that goad the various governments into action—before, during, and after the biennial meetings.

At the seventh and latest Congress, held in Montevideo last December, the finger was pointed squarely at South America, where little has been done to organize and promote tourism—which is indeed "big business" and vital to many national economies. In nine days, seventy-six resolutions were passed. All of them, whether calling for immediate or long-range action, were aimed at luring travelers to the southern nations and sending them home so satisfied that each will be an advertisement in himself.

Americans (in the broadest sense of the word) are Europe-minded nowadays when it comes to travel, which means that the Latin American nations are up against stiff competition. However, Mexico and the Caribbean countries have proved how much can be accomplished by effective, smooth-running tourist industries. The new Mexican Government has gone so far as to create an autonomous travel department; it ranks just below a ministry, and its director sits in on cabinet meetings. And few travelers have missed the charm of at least one Caribbean island, thanks to alert tourist-information centers both at home and in other countries.

At this juncture, the South American nations must seize upon the advantage of jet-plane transportation, primarily by clearing the red-tape jungle and expanding airport facilities. To their credit, they seem to have awakened to the need for prompt action, and plans are under way for a "visit the Americas" year—perhaps 1961.

At the Congress in Montevideo, the delegates from Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay hit upon the idea of pooling their travel-development efforts and have since held their first meeting. They would like to extend this project to include as many other countries as possible.

Independently, Chile is reorganizing its tourist department; at the close of the Congress, Mr. Hernández was invited to Santiago for conferences. Brazil, the last of the Latin American countries to be without some sort of national tourist agency, has finally come around. And it seems that its National Tourist Council will have the requisite funds and status to enable it to function at top efficiency—which, until now, has not always been the case in other countries.

The way it looks from our armchairs, more and more tourists will soon be finding better and better accommodations—and fewer and fewer "quaint" inconveniences—in South America.

Opposite: Antara-pipe player, pre-Columbian ceramic figure of Nazca culture, Peru. In Museum of Anthropology and Archaeology, Lima



TOURISTS

À LA CARTE

Which type are you?

JORGE ARTEL

JUST NOW you may be feeling the gentle caress of a sea breeze, gazing happily on some tropical fairyland, or watching dark forests flash by a train window. More probably, you are settling back in your favorite armchair. In any case, you know full well what a delight it is to go places and see things. For the passion for travel is part of human nature. Man started by probing into the farthest corners of the earth on military, scientific, and commercial missions, then one day realized it was not so much work as it was fun.

As today's tourists assemble their shiny, weapon-like paraphernalia—aqualungs for the skin-divers, pickaxes for the archaeologists, hooks and skis for the mountain climbers, rods and spears for the fishermen, tripods for the photographers—they are much like the knights of the Middle Ages who decked themselves out in their finest armor to go forth to defend their faith. The primary difference is, of course, that the twentieth-century adventurers are seeking only peaceful diversion.

When a man sets out "to see the world," what he wants is something out of the ordinary. And, sure enough, the world he moves in is an uncommonly beautiful and alluring one, which has primped and preened especially—a world made to order for the enthusiasm and naïveté of the pleasure-bent traveler. This becomes immediately apparent in the hotels, the prices, the guides, the servants, the salespeople; in the handicrafts, the "typical" merchandise, the music (and the gaiety, as one of its derivatives). All touristic. A Caribbean poet even wrote "Sones para Turistas [Songs for Tourists]."

In this curious world the simplest things take on a different perspective. You would think, for instance, that

JORGE ARTEL, Colombian poet and journalist, is an ardent traveler. When last heard from, he was in El Salvador.



Ralph Robinson

getting a glass of water—in a bar, a drugstore, anywhere—could be handled matter-of-factly. And so it could, unless the man happens to be wearing dark glasses and sport clothes and has a camera slung over his shoulder. In that event, the waiter asks politely: "What sort of water do you prefer, sir?"

As for the tourists themselves, there are many kinds. Arbitrary classification into groups is risky, but nevertheless—

The erudite tourist. From firsthand information and serious research, he knows every inch of the land he is walking on and feels defrauded if he finds a pebble out of place.

The amateur tourist. Equipped with meager facts, he plays it safe by putting himself in the hands of sight-seeing guides or bossy "advisers." Towns, historic relics, the people themselves, flash before his glazed eyes, and when he looks at Machu Picchu all he can be sure of is that the Incas built it—or was it the Aztecs?

The spur-of-the-moment tourist. All of a sudden, he decides to get in on a "package deal"—around the world in thirty days, or something like that. Fleeting impressions and recollections clutter his mind much as unused household items do many basements and attics.

The emotional tourist. Slums and their gray inhabitants draw him irresistibly. He suffers severely from a weakness for mysterious ceremonies, fantastic rites, legends, adventures straight out of a novel.

The suspicious tourist. You might meet this *rara avis* on the train between Mexico City and Tapachula, bound for Guatemala. I did.

As I boarded the Pullman, loaded down with parcels, small bags, and a voluminous suitcase, I was told I could not keep the suitcase with me, for lack of space. I talked with the conductor and arranged to have it put in another car.

Minutes after the train pulled out, a young man stalked up to me and, in a strong Central American accent, demanded: "Sir, how much luggage do you have?"

"Enough," I replied. "Several parcels and small bags and a large suitcase. Why?"

Ignoring my question, he went right on, fixing me with a penetrating stare: "How many parcels and small bags, and how much did you pay for excess baggage?"

"I didn't pay anything. I had the conductor take care of the suitcase in another car. Why?"

My odd inquisitor took pencil and paper from his pocket, made several notations, and—still paying no attention to my "Why?"—walked off mumbling some numbers.

I began to fret. Was something wrong? Did someone think I was a smuggler?

My man reappeared shortly, with yet another question: "How much did you pay for your berth?"

This was too much. "Tell me, sir," I retorted, "why all these questions? What's going on? Who are you?"

With a smirk, he said: "Take it easy, man. I'm a tourist. I only wanted to check, because they're charging me a lot for excess luggage."

Finally, *the 100-per-cent tourist.* For him, traveling is

an art. A philosopher of the exquisite, he imbues itineraries with the elegant world-weariness that surrounds him like a cloud. The pendulum of his life swings lazily from martinis in Shanghai to absinthe in Paris. More than merely shrinking the world, he has reduced it to an address book. This man resembles Marco Polo just about as much as jet planes do seven-league boots.

Of course, there are "borderline" tourists who do not fall exactly into one or another category. Take the young Canadian couple I met in South America. They were spending their honeymoon in an abandoned ruin—a romantic whim, though certainly not salutary. In truth, that moon was not all honey, but, by mustering the full power of their imagination, they did impart to the place an aura of perfumed delight—no mean accomplishment.

As a final touch, they decided to take home a small idol that would be a constant reminder of their intrepid journey. Since this was against the law, they hid it in some clothing that was stuffed under the car seats. On the day they were to leave they cautiously took it out and granted me the special privilege of seeing their treasure. Somehow, I sensed that their happiness was complete. I also had about ninety-nine good reasons out of a hundred to suspect that the figurine was not authentic, but who was I to shatter their harmless illusion?

In Cuernavaca, Mexico, I met some other newlyweds, the Taylors, from New York. Traveling in a sleek, well-equipped trailer, they had planned an extended trip and were considerably surprised to learn, a few weeks later, that they were due for a visit from the stork. Taylor, who was above all a nature lover, staunchly vowed that he would bring his heir into the world personally. As a first step, he bought a book, *Natural Childbirth in Twenty Lessons*, and promptly buried his nose in it. Some of the activities he prescribed for his wife were disconcerting, to say the least: icy baths each morning, climbs up and down craggy hills, and the like. He even went so far as to choose a name for his son—Benito Juárez Taylor. Unfortunately, I lost track of the Taylors and never knew how the obstetrical adventure turned out.

But in Jamaica I did witness, straight through to the epilogue, what happened to two middle-aged English ladies who gushed in typical tourist fashion and, moreover, were ingenuously fascinated with tales of treasure. Since their conversation was always about sunken galleons and famous buccaneers, it was only a matter of time until a smooth-talking stranger popped up with a scheme for making them millionaires overnight. Of course, it would take a certain amount of ready cash to raise the fabulous pirate cargo that had been lying at the bottom of the ocean since the sixteenth century.

This, obviously, was far too good to be true. The stranger—and the money—vanished posthaste from the ladies' dream world. Strangely enough, they were undismayed. It was not long before they set out for Greece—a country that was, in their words, "a paradise for treasure-seekers."

Yes, man is and always will be a tourist at heart. After all, isn't he looking for parking places on the moon right now? ♦



SIGHT-SEEING IN ANTARCTICA

Argentine Navy transport turns cruise ship

ROBERT A. NICHOLS *Photographs by the author*

THE WORLD has become so sophisticated—not to say blasé—that you are hard put to it to get off the beaten tourist track. Your view of the Hellespont is crowned by a Hilton Hotel. You try Bali, and what do you see but several dozen others of your stripe from Kansas City, Manchester, or Hamburg? You can even go on safari, tenderfoot though you are—a safari complete with ice for your cocktails, innerspring mattresses, and a guaranteed bag. But only a couple of hundred of us have ever taken a sight-seeing tour of Antarctica.

The notice appeared in October 1957. The Argentine Naval Transport Command would consider applications from persons interested in—Interested? My wife and I jumped at the chance. Only a hundred could be ac-

cepted, we were told when we applied, this being the capacity of the transport that was to serve as cruise ship. To vary the passenger list as much as possible, the selection was to be based on nationality, vocation, and purpose. As for the Nicholoses, our purpose was pleasure, pure and simple (this did not sound encouraging); our nationality, U.S.; my vocation, agricultural attaché at the embassy in Buenos Aires. We were of course overwhelmed at being informed in the middle of December that we were two of the three North Americans chosen. We were to fly on January 11, as part of a first contingent of forty-eight, to Ushuaia, the southernmost town in the world, eighteen hundred miles away at the bottom of Tierra del Fuego. There the others would join us and the

ship *Les Eclaireurs* would pick us up.

As we later learned, the idea had originated with Admiral Isaac Rojas, then vice-president of the republic. He wanted to promote commercial tours of the Antarctic, but believed that the government would have to prove them feasible before private travel agencies could be expected to take a chance on them. A second tour, organized along the same lines, immediately followed ours, and another has just been held.

The fee of twelve thousand pesos (about \$325 at the then-current rate of exchange) was virtually all-inclusive: round trip by Navy DC-4, with first-class service, between Buenos Aires and Ushuaia; accommodations in Ushuaia; cabin and food aboard ship for nine days of hopping between the Argentine Antarctic bases; even the use of arctic clothing, which comprised wool-lined jacket, parka, snow pants, and boots. Only drinks were extra. It turned out that Peter, our pink-cheeked, white-haired bartender, was particularly anxious to mix your drink just the way you liked it, but whatever you ordered always



U.S. student at Argentine Teniente Cámara base on Luna Bay tests skin-diving equipment in near-freezing waters

Ushuaia, southernmost town in the world, lives off fishing, sheep-raising, and lumbering



Tourists boarded naval transport *Les Eclaireurs* at Ushuaia, Tierra del Fuego

bore a weird resemblance to a watered-down martini.

I kept a journal of our trip—and a good thing, too. Otherwise, trying to write an account of it now would be much like trying to remember a two-week dream. It becomes more and more difficult to realize that all this happened, and especially that we saw such scenery, when we were wide-awake. (Indeed, I know we were not at the hour of our departure; it was five in the morning.)

I had visited Ushuaia in 1956 and, like everyone else who has ever been there, was excited at the prospect of returning. The enchantment of the place defies explanation. There is more to it than beauty, though there is plenty of that—the town is tucked away in the fiord called Beagle Channel, at the base of heavily wooded mountains that cut it off from the rest of Tierra del Fuego. Part of it may be the people—a cheerful, friendly lot. I can only say that I feel this fascination strongly, and that many among the town's twenty-five hundred inhabitants feel it even more strongly than I; they have been drawn by it from all over the world. As in Australia, it is not always quite tactful to inquire too closely into the backgrounds of some of the other residents, and for the same reason: Ushuaia was formerly a penal colony. There is also a more or less transient population made up of people from the naval base.

It was several days before the second contingent showed up; they had been grounded by bad weather at Río Gallegos. By that time we were comfortably settled aboard the *Les Eclaireurs* and could examine our fellow passengers with aplomb.

They were certainly varied, but never by any stroke of luck can a more congenial group have been assembled. A little more than half were foreigners or of foreign extraction, the rest Argentines. There were forty-nine men, thirty-nine women, and four children. They included the Finnish Ambassador and his wife, the wife of the Canadian Ambassador and her two young daughters, the noted Brazilian aviatrix Anésia Pinheiro Machado, the wife of a former German diplomat, a retired general and his artist wife, several reporters (French, Italian, and Argentine), three young schoolteachers from the provinces, farmers, painters, doctors, and a psychiatrist with a truly hypnotic glare. They ranged in age from seven to seventy-four. This senior member, by the way, was a German who had spent the winter of 1914 on Deception Island, which was to be our first stop. He had a host of interesting stories to tell, but later I noticed that he never went ashore with the rest of us; apparently just being in the Antarctic again after so many years was enough for him.

Our party spoke as much English and German as Spanish, and a good deal of French and Italian was also heard. Mario, the Italian newspaperman, held his conversations in a mixture of gestures, contortions, facial expressions, and loud Italian, and, strangely enough, made himself understood by one and all. In this linguistic stew we discussed the world's problems with astounding wisdom and, had we had the authority, could have settled them all.

While waiting in Ushuaia, we had had several days to explore our surroundings. They were long days: at that time of the year, night consists of three hours of dusk, from about half past eleven to half past two. Throughout the tour, this was to prove both a blessing and a problem. With so much to see and so much daylight to see it in, nobody wanted to waste time sleeping. In the end, most of us resorted to cat naps snatched at odd moments.

One day, we sailed about twenty-five miles up Beagle Channel aboard the heavy launch *Zurubi* and the sea-going tug *Guarani*. This is a magnificent region of forested islands, hidden fiords, and rocky peaks. At the fishing village of Lapataia, the Club Andino of Ushuaia entertained us with an excellent lamb barbecue, no less enjoyable for the cold and rain that accompanied it. Another day, the Club led a group up to see a small glacier in the hills above town, and again held a barbecue for us. A third, I acted as guide and took a party to one of my favorite places—the so-called Indian Cemetery about three miles west of town. The history of the cemetery is rather vague: it seems to have been the burial ground for the last of the Yaghan Indians, for sailors, and for the few other people in the vicinity, and is now disused. What I like about it is its lovely setting, on the shore of the Channel. Off and on, we watched the ever-changing weather that makes this part of the world a

nightmare for seamen and flyers and pondered our chances of ever being able to sail. Finally, in the bright light of the Fuegian dawn at about three-twenty-five on January 16, we did.

Only to be halted within four hours by reports of violent weather in the Drake Strait. For the rest of the morning, we were anchored between Picton and tiny Reparo islands, watching the beautiful black-and-white porpoises and the numerous sea birds—various species of albatross, petrels, and others, some of which I had never seen before. At noon we were off again, and at half past five we glimpsed Cape Horn, twelve miles to starboard, through a curtain of mist. From there on the



Palmer Peninsula, where "real Antarctic" begins. Icebergs have broken off, leaving scars on coast

usually boisterous Strait was remarkably calm, so much so that it amazed the Antarctic veterans among our officers. What with storms and ice, all the waters in those parts are perilous: just recently the *Guarani*, the tug on which we had toured Beagle Channel, was lost without trace in a gale south of Ushuaia. As a special precaution in our behalf, the Argentine Government had arranged for our ship to be preceded and guided by the sea-going tug *Chiriguano*, a veteran of nine seasons in the Antarctic, which picked us up at Deception Island and kept relaying back weather and ice information to us.

Our second afternoon out, icebergs began to appear—one was so huge, sticking up like a desert mesa about 150 feet and extending for a couple of miles in each

direction, that it must have come direct from an ice shelf rather than from one of the glaciers—and later Smith Island and some others came into view. Smith, the southernmost of the South Shetlands, is the most majestic sight I have ever seen. Against the gray sky, it rose sixty-nine hundred feet from the blue-black sea like a phantom ship of spotless white. All during our dinner at the captain's table, we kept jumping up to look at it some more, and it was about here that we abandoned the thought of sleep.

Just after midnight we passed between Smith and adjacent Snow Island and turned north toward Deception, which we reached at six in the morning. This island is simply the towering ash-and-lava rim of a dormant volcano, whose enormous crater forms an excellent and very deep harbor about five miles across. This has but one opening, a narrow cut where the entering ship must all but brush the perpendicular cliffs. A grim testimonial to the danger of the passage is the remains of the whaler

ever met my eyes than that of the various shapes bundled up in arctic outfits and waddling like penguins across the ice and snow. We had been asked to submit our clothing and shoe sizes, but the equipment issued seldom matched them, and some of our figures would have been difficult for anyone, human or divine, to fit. Mine was too small, my wife's too large. The poor purser—a jovial sort who answered all our impossible requests with a stern "No!" but managed by devious means to fulfill them—was confronted by the ire of everybody except a few of the more chic of our women passengers, who had solved the problem beforehand by bringing their own svelte ski suits. The real crisis was caused by the zippers: we said they did not work; the purser insisted that we did not know how to make them work and were breaking them by using force. In the end, by the time almost every safety pin aboard had been called into play, the purser was humiliated by having to beg a few when his own zippers failed.

The Argentine base at Deception was manned by fourteen young Navy men, who are assigned there for one winter. Despite the desolation of this and the other bases, they all seemed to enjoy the life and some even ask for a second term. After inspecting the base, we walked about two miles over the rim to the north coast for an amusing visit to a colony of more than thirty thousand bearded penguins. Here I collected two addled eggs and a stench of penguin that clung to my arctic clothing for the rest of the trip.

Meanwhile, aboard ship life was turning into a merry prolonged picnic, in which our officers—the oldest of whom was thirty-seven—joined whenever they were off duty. We had costume parties, card tournaments, and later a champagne ball in honor of the captain. At the beginning, a few human-relations problems had developed, but these, in the main, solved themselves or were solved by swapping rooms. An exception was a state-

Author with Anésia Pinheiro Machado, Brazil's first woman flyer. Penguins can be picked up under flippers and enjoy being petted



Author's party visited five Argentine Antarctic bases, including this one on Melchior Archipelago

Southern Hunter, lying on the rocks onto which it was driven. In the days before factory ships, Deception was a famous whaling base; nowadays this whole area is disputed by Argentina, Chile, and the United Kingdom. All have bases there, but relations between them are harmonious at present (though when we entered the harbor an officer from the British ship *Protector* came over in a launch to welcome us to Her Majesty's territory) and the personnel visit back and forth. Indeed, almost as soon as we landed a Chilean officer flew into Argentine headquarters in a helicopter, and that evening five civilians from the British base risked their lives to come and see us, crossing the sound in a tiny outboard-motorboat. Such visits are easier in the wintertime, when the harbor is frozen over.

Once ashore, the passengers took on a different appearance and character. No more entertaining sight has





Approach to Melchior base (background) is blocked by icebergs

room shared by six women. One of the occupants, an Argentine of German parentage, insisted on plenty of fresh Antarctic air; the rest were from the warm regions of northern Argentina. When it was discovered that the fresh-air fiend retired early, the others learned to wait until she was asleep and then quietly shut the porthole. But a few times she woke up, whereupon sounds of altercation would split the night. Another early difficulty was that of the extremely distinguished woman passenger who found, owing to the peculiarity of her name, that she had been assigned to share her stateroom with a man.

Our mesmeric psychiatrist created another problem by

being an avid philatelist. The Navy had made arrangements to commemorate the excursion by issuing first-trip postal covers and cancellations, and at each of the five bases at which we stopped the fellow showed up in the cancellation line with approximately a thousand items. He was finally prevailed on to cancel his own correspondence after the rest of us were finished.

The great social leveler aboard was the bathroom situation. At first, when we learned that we were to share ours with Ambassador and Mrs. Leppo of Finland, my wife and I anticipated a certain amount of confusion. But then it turned out that neither the bathrooms nor the comfortably furnished cabins were heated and moreover that hot water was available only between five and five-thirty in the afternoon. Being normally a transport and not a luxury liner, the *Les Eclaireurs* was not equipped to carry water for so many people for such a long time. As a result, baths were not frequently indulged in and it was only a few days before a friendly human odor pervaded the whole ship. One elegant lady who insisted on trying had just got herself thoroughly soaped when the hot water went off, and it took her whole supply of cologne to remove the lather. For several days thereafter, we always knew where she was.

We were not yet in the real Antarctic. Our introduction to it took place after we sailed from Deception Island on January 19. From there on the trip was one superlative after another:

Luna Bay, at the east end of Livingston Island in the South Shetlands. On our trip ashore we passed a leopard seal basking in the wind and rain on a small ice pan. Much to its annoyance, we approached to within twenty feet to photograph it. At Teniente Cámara base, we met two students from the La Jolla Oceanographic Institute and the University of California, who were collecting algae and testing skin-diving equipment. Together with a young Argentine, they put on a remarkable demonstration for us in the near-freezing waters.

Caleta Potter (Potter's Cove), where the blue-green

Beach at Luna Bay, on Livingston Island in South Shetlands





Going ashore at Potter's Cove. Some Argentines in group had never seen snow before

ice front of a glacier rears up three hundred feet above the sea. Several species of seal breed on the black-sand beach, and our approach woke hundreds of elephant seals, the largest of all, out of a nap. Though they belched, groaned, and belched, they did not leave; you could even—warily—walk up and touch them. The red-billed and Adelie penguins, which nested so thickly farther up the beach that it was hard to make your way among them, rather enjoyed being petted. A large piece of the glacier thundered into the sea just before we sailed that evening.

Palmer Peninsula. We had been told that this was the true beginning of the Antarctic wonderland, and so it was—black peaks glowering through the mist high above the creviced surface of blue-green glaciers, the whole mirrored in the glassy water; herds of enormous black whales surfacing to blow, vanishing, and rising to spout again; giant icebergs dwarfed by the glaciers from which they had broken off. As we entered the De Gerlache Strait between the Peninsula and Trinity Island, on our way to Almirante Brown base, walls of rock and ice closed in on us till it seemed that a ship the size of ours could never pass through. Here navigation became a serious business and the bridge, which had previously resembled

a bus at rush hour, was cleared. Just as we were lifting anchor to leave Almirante Brown, the Chilean gunboat *Lautaro* appeared, coming from a base farther up the fiord. Its officers were dressed in their finest, and I watched their crestfallen faces through binoculars as we pulled away. I am sure our captain will never be forgiven for not having waited for them—young ladies are rare in the Antarctic.

Melchior Archipelago, where we had to squeeze into our anchorage past a veritable fairy castle of an iceberg. Though movies were shown that night, nearly everybody preferred to watch the magic scenery. In the morning we trooped ashore to see the base, a homelike affair with flowered draperies and potted plants, and to slide on the snow-covered mountains behind it. That afternoon we had a picnic, with mussels brought from Beagle Channel, plenty of bread, and five cases of wine. While the Galician seamen built a roaring fire, we went back to the mountain to slide, but when we returned they had usurped most of the wine and were singing uproariously. Everyone was so unwilling to break up the party that when the last boat left shore at eight o'clock, there were fifty-two of us in a vessel intended for thirty, with a freeboard of almost zero.

The storm on our return voyage: Drake Strait running true to form this time. The rolling and pitching woke us at eight, and by dinner time dishes were crashing and furniture was sliding about. Trying to stay in bed that night was more exhausting than sitting up would have been. Fortunately, the weather improved enough so that, as we passed Cape Horn at three the next afternoon, the passengers could be lined up and put through the ceremony of "spitting in the wind," followed by a swig of gin out of the bottle. (This ceremony originated, I understand, during the days of sailing ships and is a gesture of defiance against the Cape, old Neptune, and the elements in general.) By the time we docked in Ushuaia, a little after eleven, all the victims of seasickness had recovered and a masked ball was in full swing.

If Admiral Rojas is right, tourism in the Antarctic may one day be in about the same class as Caribbean cruises. I can certainly recommend it. But those who come after us will not be able, as we were, to feel just a little like Amundsen. ♦

In loud tones, elephant seals protest arrival of human beings at Potter's Cove



Montevideo Celebrates Carnival



"Negro" marching band includes grease-painted whites. Rhythm of drums at opening-night procession sends whole city into a frenzy

LUIS BLANCO ÁLVAREZ

ONE MORNING the announcement appears—a banner strung diagonally across the street corner. In red and blue letters, on a strip of cloth with slits cut in it so that the wind shall not carry it away, it reads: "1958 CARNIVAL—TABLEAU 'FOR YOUR LOVE, TO THE MOON'—NEIGHBOR, GIVE US YOUR COOPERATION!!" Not long after the "neighbor" has seen it, an "accredited member of the Committee" calls on him with a jingling old coffee can. Hardly anybody refuses to chip in. Much less this year, because the corner tableau is competing for first place in the Official Contest.

In 1958, it is very expensive even to try for the Grand Prize for Tableaux.

On the calendar, there are three days marked in red to indicate the life span of Carnival. But the officially scheduled festivities—tableaux, performance competitions, processions of cars in every neighborhood, full-dress or costume balls in government theaters and hotels,

dances at private clubs—stretch it out to "a long month"; that is, about forty days. And what difference does it make to the Montevidean, easy-going and gay by nature, if he extends it even a little further with charity performances by the winning groups at movie theaters or open-air auditoriums and joyously proclaims that "the whole year is Carnival"? With four world's championships in soccer to his credit, why should he not indulge his other passion and boast of another title: "the longest Carnival in the world?"

A citizen of unimpeachable moral standing—and sizable income—has been elected chairman of the corner's Carnival Committee. Out of his own pocket he will advance enough money to build the tableau. Then, as the collection mounts up, he will be reimbursed. Right now, however, materials must be bought so that the project can get under way.

An artist has presented a sketch, and the Committee has accepted it. Conditions in this district are the same as everywhere else. The artist will be in charge of construction and will pocket half the eventual prize. The Committee has been chosen with care: its members are

LUIS BLANCO ÁLVAREZ, a well-known Uruguayan artist and newspaperman, writes from personal experience: he has himself designed many prize-winning Carnival tableaux.

not afraid of hard work and they will be an invaluable help to the artist. He will direct them as they put together the dummies and the tableau itself; he will even, to give them an outlet for their creative impulses, let them paint in minor details.

A week before the deadline, there is a certain amount of anxiety at the corner, for newspapers have printed pictures showing how far the construction of the official floats has progressed. "And we haven't even started!" This exclamation is a reminder of reality; the artist takes his elbow off the bar, quickly drains his *grappa*-and-lemon, and vows solemnly to get "the thing" started early next day.

It is now six o'clock of a Sunday morning. Each man



Intersection of Piedra Alta and Cerro Largo during peaceful part of year. At Carnival time it comes to life, and last year its tableau won grand prize

arrives with the materials he has been keeping at home. The bartender complains that he worked too hard last night and is worn out, but he consents to brew maté for everybody. (At that hour, no Uruguayan worth his salt can get anything done without the gourd that goes around full of that piping-hot bitter infusion.)

By noon, the empty oil drums that will serve as foundation for the tableau are in place. At the corner, a "Street Closed" sign has been erected, with due permission from the police. For the street is very narrow and the tableau will extend from sidewalk to sidewalk, with only a two-foot passage on either side.

When the men return from lunch, jobs are assigned. One group will go for the planks a near-by fruit vendor is lending; this will be the floor. Another, bending over the plans, argues about the access ladder, which they will put together as soon as they agree on how to interpret the sketch.

Meanwhile, the artist is pondering, with an air rather like a surgeon's, the construction of the skeletons for the dummies. Without taking his eyes off their wooden "bones," he asks for nails, wire, lath, hammer, or saw, which his helpers hand him with the swift and precise movements of attendants in an open-air operating room.

When the summer sun goes down, work is adjourned.

Next day, everybody will have to put in eight hours at his regular job and then hasten to the site. By then,

someone who only works mornings will have completed the wiring, and they will have light to work until almost two in the morning.

Three days later the tableau is ready for its dummies. The figures already possess skeletons. Today they will be covered with wire screening and will acquire some shape.

By the next evening they have some solidity, some mass. Old newspapers collected in the neighborhood have been piling up at the artist's side, as he directs the mixing of the glue. That night, the dummies will begin to take on personality. Two base layers are applied, of newspaper cut into patches about a foot square. A neighbor who has room to spare agrees to store the figures in case it should rain, which is not unlikely in summertime. The next day he will bring them back and the work will continue.

Tomorrow is Saturday, the first day of Carnival. The tableau is nowhere near completion. But the artist soothes the Committee members: "Don't worry. By Sunday evening it will be ready. It wouldn't even be a good idea to have it finished by tomorrow, because it always rains on Carnival Saturday."

They take his word and calm down.

(And the rains do come—at midnight on Saturday. It rains as "nobody would have dreamed possible." The truth is, the artist spoke out of frustrating experience; at least three or four times in the past, he has had tableaux ruined by "unforecast" rain on the first night. Now he

Flirtatious chorus, dancing length of parade route, passes under Uruguayan national flag made of electric lights





Prima ballerina is accompanied by gramillero—a spry youth disguised as elderly doctor, with cotton-wool whiskers and cane

knows that tableaux need not be ready till Sunday night, because no group of revelers will come around to see it before then anyway.)

By two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, people with folding chairs are starting toward the Avenida 18 de Julio, the main thoroughfare of Montevideo. By five the first chairs are already lined up along the avenue. The big day has come. According to the program, the Official Parade of Carnival Groups and Floats will start at eight-fifteen, though in actual fact it never gets under way before nine.

A Negro group opens the parade with the incredibly fast beat of thirty drums. These set the rhythm for a troupe of men and women who dance without pause the entire two miles of the parade route, driving the whole town into delirium. But the onlookers' very enthusiasm will keep them on the sidewalks till the end of the parade, when vendors of streamers and confetti invade the street and are quickly followed by spectators-turned-participants. The drums sing aloud—bass, *piano*, and *repique*—while a chorus line of young Negro girls dances about a gyrating prima ballerina. It seems that the better she is, the scarier and more exquisite her costume. She is accompanied by the *gramillero*, a young man dressed as an elderly doctor, with cotton-wool whiskers and spectacles with thick white frames. In his left hand he carries a "first-aid kit"; in his right, a staff he uses to beat time and to lean on while, to show his "old age," he dances bent and crooked and clutching his middle. Not so old, however, that he cannot follow the throbbing of the

drums. Then comes the "fat old Negro woman"—usually the real thing—who brandishes a gaudy parasol. This, nowadays, is a mere ritual remembrance of a time when the slaves gathered to sing noisy and sorrowful chants under the burning Sunday sun. Along the curbs, the "brush men" dance. They are clad in long black tights with oversized cowhide loincloths decorated with small mirrors and twinkling stones; as they dance, they juggle small beribboned brushes that they toss high in the air, catch on their shoulders, and let slide down their arms to their hands, without ever missing a beat.

Scores of moon- and star-shaped cardboard standards, held aloft on long poles, lend a mystic touch to the presentation of the eighty-odd people making up the first group.

The parade proceeds with the Queen of Carnival, throwing kisses and streamers from her carriage; the official and private floats competing for a fat first prize of almost twenty thousand pesos and for smaller prizes only slightly less desirable; the groups that lampoon aspects of Uruguayan life and politics, to the sound of bass drums and cymbals; the "international" floats depicting imaginary trips, mere pretexts to show off bits of American folklore; the parodists poking fun at song hits to the music of accordions; the impressive "big heads" that first scare the children when they come too close, then make them laugh as they draw away. So they pass—



Everyone is too busy watching floats to buy confetti from vendor (center foreground). Afterward he will have trouble meeting demand

eight groups of Negroes, more than thirty bands, twenty or so troupes of parodists, and ten international floats, vying yard by yard for the coveted ensemble and individual prizes.

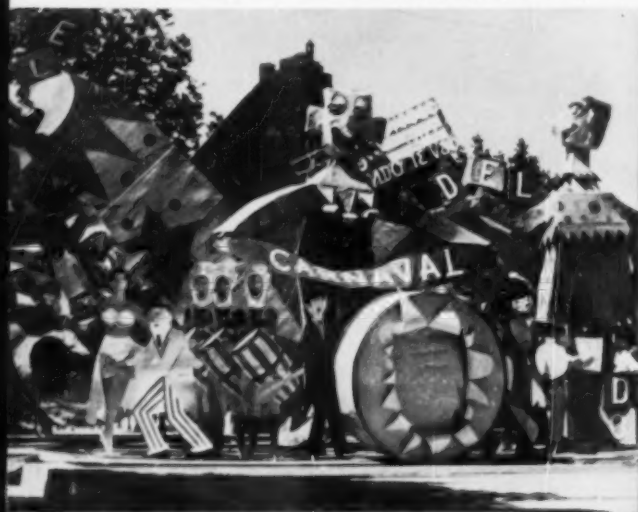
They are the heroes of Carnival.

It is out of the question that any of them will come to

look at the tableau tonight: after the parade, the heroes are dog-tired.

At six in the morning—just as a week ago—the bitter maté starts around and with it jobs are discussed. Then work begins.

There are several teams. Some will tackle the electrical installation, stringing colored lights in all directions and setting up the five klieg lights on the gables of near-by houses. Others will look after the sound equipment. The Chairman will see to the printing of batches of flyers, in which all the neighborhood stores have taken advertisements (especially the corner saloon-keeper, who plans to put up a little stall with a charcoal grill for the inevitable sausages). A boy who likes to draw is granted the privilege of painting the dummies' popping eyes on plastic



"The Best Carnival in the World." At least one such tableau is built in every neighborhood, with all residents pitching in

The better the dancer, the scantier her costume. "Old Negro Woman" at left is traditional character dating from era of slavery



In this cage on float entitled "Momus' Circus," wild beasts howl; in another, they dance rock and roll

hemispheres; powerful bulbs behind them will flash on and off. A few workers who have demonstrated that they have steady hands give a third and final coat of paint to the figures that have now been fixed in position. Meanwhile, the artist directs the placement of the rest, lending a hand when necessary.

To keep up its *esprit de corps*, each team has its own bottle, formerly an innocent soda-pop container, now full of grappa laced with vermouth. At noon, broiled sausages with bread and wine substitute for the traditional Sunday spaghetti dinner. The work must not be interrupted.

The afternoon sun scorches the workers, but it helps to dry the figures.

The last few moments before nightfall are spent in checking and correcting the electrical connections. The final touches to the faces will be given tomorrow, because tonight two street bands and a troupe of Negroes are expected.

The twenty rows of chairs begin to fill up; seats have been sold at twenty-five to fifty *centésimos* each, depending on location, to pay for engaging the best ensembles.

Two minutes after the last details of the homemade lighting effects have been perfected, "The New Mountebanks" appear—an outfit that has not been in existence long but has quite a few prizes to its credit. According to its master of ceremonies, the group is "proud to be the first, during the 1958 reign of Momus, to visit this magnificent Carnival scene to which, on behalf of the members of 'The New Mountebanks,' their director, and myself, we wish all success, in keeping with the humor of its manikins and the effort lavished on them, in the contest of this pre-Lenten Carnival. . . ." Such memorized eloquence, straining for new heights of rhetoric, is accepted and customary for the emcees of these ensembles.

During the next week there is very little to be done on the tableau. Some retouching here and there, mending the legs of a figure where a mischievous urchin crashed



Beauty-contest winners at costume ball. Official and private parties string Carnival out over more than a month

into it while skylarking before the performance began. Nothing, really.

However, there is a good deal of worry, though nobody talks of it.

One evening the artist and two or three VIP's on the Committee go on a reconnaissance tour around Montevideo, strictly incognito, to have a look at the rival tableaux and assess their chances to grab the first prize. When they come back, the spirit of self-criticism is in

the ascendant: "There are two or three that are quite good and may beat us. Or maybe they won't. We'll just have to wait."

A week later, the anxiety is mounting. It is rumored that this afternoon some members of the Jury came by. Of course, no one knows for sure whether they *were* members of the Jury. But they *did* look very solemn and they *did* examine the tableau from every angle.

This means that tomorrow or the day after—even tonight, maybe—they will be back, to see the work with the lights on.

Once again the wiring is carefully checked, and the timing of the lighting effects adjusted.

Everybody waits.

In the middle of the following week, a radio station at the Summer Municipal Theater, which is broadcasting the acts of entrants in the official performing competition, breaks the great news: "Award of the panel considering Carnival tableaux. First Grand Prize, eight thousand pesos. To the tableau 'For Your Love, to the Moon,' at the intersection of Piedra Alta and Cerro Largo."

Who cares about the other awards? Within half an hour, when the tableau announcer has shouted himself hoarse repeating the news, a huge sign proclaims it in writing. Blue and red lettering on a slashed length of cloth, even larger than the sign asking for the neighbors' cooperation.

The Jury has understood and approved the "sacrifice" of the central figure, who is mounted on an interplanetary rocket and is about to be propelled toward the moon by an oversized slingshot, before the very eyes of his distracted sweetheart. ♦

"For Your Love, to the Moon," corner's prize-winning tableau. Hero takes off on rocket while sweetheart mourns and animals cheer



Mount McKinley National Park

THE HOME OF THE SUN

BILL PROCHNAU

ONLY five decades ago, man was a stranger in the Alaskan wilds around Mount McKinley. Even after Congress made the region a national park in 1917, it remained unknown, because of the difficulties of getting in and out. But now a dirt road winds 169 miles to and through it—a road that was seven years in the building and of which one old sourdough still says: "I snowshoed through that country before they ever dreamed of putting a highway in there, and I tell you it just ain't possible."

The struggle to push the road through will add a few more to the stock of stories with which the park area is already plentifully supplied. For this is a land of legends. The Indians called it "The Home of the Sun," and the towering mountain, the highest on the North American continent, was Denali, "The Mighty One." They believed that the sun, which during the long Arctic summer rises and sets behind McKinley, came to life and died each day in the mountain. None are known to have lived in what is now the park proper; for the most part, they were content with a distant view of the inhospitable slopes. But they often made their way near the base of the mountain they revered while on summer hunting parties. From these expeditions myths arose. In the villages the stories of "The Mighty One" were passed down from father to son, generation after generation.

Tourists, who have been able to bump into the park over the appropriately named Denali Highway since 1957 and drive it in comfort since last year, find that the Indian tradition is still relevant. The sun does seem to come to life there during late summer, when the foliage



of the high plateaus radiates with autumn brilliance. The spongy moss of the rolling tundra is a spangled ocean of red, yellow, orange, and green. The lower mountains—mere foothills in the shadow of the Alaska Range though they rise more than five thousand feet—reflect barren bronze, gold, and gray. Just below the timber line—three thousand feet in these frigid latitudes—bright yellow willows mingle casually with stubby green spruce. Caribou, following unknown trails that baffle game authorities, pause in their migration to feed near the park highway; in the remote highlands, herds of them numbering into the thousands and sometimes tens of thousands still thrive. Moose rear their regal heads through the willows while the Toklak grizzly combs the tundra for the last berries of summer. Reigning over all, from their rocky clefts high above the winding dirt road that travels halfway through the park, are the princely Dall mountain sheep.

But, like the Indians, the first white men—the gold prospectors early in this century—avoided the Denali area. The gold-rush trail from the port of Valdez to the fields near the booming tent town of Fairbanks, bypassed McKinley, leaving the mountain and what is now the park completely isolated and mostly unexplored. As in Indian

BILL PROCHNAU, a free-lance writer, was formerly on the staff of the Anchorage, Alaska, News.



times, this isolation inspired legends. The few people who went into the area during Alaska's early years invariably came out with an unforgettable story or two. Some of these are undoubtedly true; others are exaggerated in the way that has made Alaskan pioneers famous; at least one was among the most remarkable lies ever accepted by a gullible public. All are evidence that the park's history rivals even the autumn tundra in color.

Until the glib and handsome Dr. Frederick Cook arrived on the scene, only a few expeditions of the scientific sort had been made in the area. Before the turn of the century, Dr. Cook had made an unsuccessful but game attempt at exploration in the Antarctic, which gave him some professional eminence and lent his words an air of truthfulness. The still-unclimbed Mount McKinley attracted his attention immediately. He set out with a party of three in 1903, crossing the swampy tundra at which park tourists now marvel. From the base of the mountain, a moss-covered plateau at an elevation of about twenty-five hundred feet, they stared up at the white mass of overpowering ice walls and huge glaciers, pockmarked with dangerous crevasses, that rose almost eighteen thousand feet above them. Climbing unguided on the unmapped mountain, they did well to reach the

eight-thousand-foot mark. There a huge chasm and approaching winter put a halt to their efforts.

In 1906 the persistent Dr. Cook tried again. This time he claimed to have reached the top and produced photographs to prove it. His claim was believed. Geographical societies throughout the world heralded it as the greatest feat of the year. And it would have been—had he done it. Three years later his companion admitted that it was all a gigantic hoax: they had not made the climb, but had taken the pictures on an eight-thousand-foot ridge twenty-two miles from the mountain. But a lot of people continued to have faith in Cook, who described his trip in detail, and it was not until 1956 that Bradford Washburn, a veteran climber, proved with photographs that Cook had never been near the summit. There are still Denali old-timers who guardedly tell you that they will never be sure he did not stand on top of the world and look humbly at hundreds of miles of perpetual snow and ice and the golden tundra rolling below like a huge Midwestern hay field.

But the classic climbing legend of the park revolves around two hardy prospectors who vowed that the first man to set foot on the top of Mount McKinley would be an Alaskan and then did, but did not, climb the moun-

Harry Karstens, sourdough and explorer and now a Fairbanks businessman, was first superintendent of Park. He was also first to climb mountain



Grant Pearson, who retired as superintendent in 1956, during ranger days thirty years ago. He was elected to first state legislature

tain. Today their pioneering dash is called simply the "Sourdoughs' Climb."

It all began, as did many another Alaskan legend, in a saloon. Several prospectors were making merry on a bitter January day in 1910. Like most conversations of the time, theirs easily drifted around to the Cook controversy. Several unbelievers decided to prove positively that Cook was just a windbag; furthermore, they said, they would do it in the only likely way—by climbing the mountain. When the bartender offered to put up fifteen hundred dollars, they were on their way, whether they had meant it or not.

The adventurers traveled by dog team from Fairbanks to Kantishna, a mining town at the end of what is now the park highway. Having prospected for years in the hills around Kantishna, they knew what lay before them. It was still winter in the park, and at their feet frozen Wonder Lake merged unnoticeably with the small, snow-covered hills that rolled down onto Thorofare Bar. Across

the Bar, a valley that now gives motorists an excellent view of the restless Muldrow Glacier, lay the foothills of the Alaska Range and its monarch, Mount McKinley.

Six started the haphazard expedition, but two backed out after an argument. Slowly the remaining four made their way upward across glaciers and ice sheets. Another dropped out, and then, at sixteen thousand feet, another. That left stubborn Pete Anderson and Bill Taylor. Anderson and Taylor, who should not even have been on the untamed mountain, let alone attempting to conquer it, refused to rope themselves together and decided it would be each man for himself during the final four thousand feet. They did not cut steps in the ice, but made crude climbing irons and strapped them to their moccasins. Soon after they were left alone, they made the mistake that frustrated any hopes they might have had for everlasting mountaineering fame.

From where they were, they could not tell which of the mountain's twin peaks actually soared to Mount McKinley's famous 20,320 feet. They did know, however, that only the northern one could be seen from Fairbanks, where their friends were, so they made a quick decision and scurried the final few hundred feet—to the wrong peak. There they planted a fourteen-foot pole four inches in diameter that they had packed from the timber line sixteen thousand feet below—quite a feat in itself. Naïvely, they hoped their pole could be seen by telescope more than a hundred miles away in Fairbanks, thereby vindicating their claim. Needless to say, it was not, and no one but the heaviest drinkers believed their barroom boasts until three years later, when Harry Karstens—known to old-timers only as "The Seventy-Mile Kid"—and an Episcopalian missionary named Hudson Stuck became the first to climb to the true summit. Slightly below on the north peak, they saw the battered spruce pole still standing where the rugged prospectors had planted it. Stuck, incidentally, acquired the nickname "Archdeacon of the Yukon" and a considerable reputation for his explorations in the interior.

Karstens, who came to the Klondike in 1897, when he was only eighteen years old, developed into a storybook Arctic character. Later he was to become the first superintendent of Mount McKinley National Park, keeping guard over the wilderness in the blunt manner everyone had to adopt in early Alaska. He slapped poaching fines on friends and enemies alike; sent young men out on week-long patrol trips in the virgin country as "examinations" for ranger jobs; settled arguments, whether with his staff or with strangers, in frontier fashion behind his long-cabin office; and explored his three-thousand-square-mile domain on foot, on horseback, and by dog team.

But he had started long before on the dangerous trail to becoming a legend. As a youth during the gold rush, he earned his living by back-packing supplies across Chilkoot Pass, a famous snow-blocked pathway over which thousands of gold-seekers flowed into the Klondike. If years of mining-camp scrapes and pioneering with dog teams did not establish Karstens as a campfire favorite, one experience in the so-called Seventy Mile country, which was in the interior probably near Fair-

banks, certainly did. It was this that gave him his nickname. One winter night, when he was camping in this desolate region, he suddenly snapped out of a sound sleep to find flames eating away at his tent. The temperature had fallen to forty below, and Karstens was left with only the long underwear he had on and his sled and dog team. Wrapping himself in some canvas from the sled, he mushed thirty miles to the nearest cabin, running alongside the sled to keep from freezing.

In 1923, two years after Karsten's appointment as superintendent and sole employee, the Alaska Railroad, whose single track runs from Seward, on the coast, through Anchorage to Fairbanks, connected the park with the outside world. Even with just the handful of early tourists that this brought to McKinley, it soon became apparent that a road would have to be built within the park. In 1924 men, horses, and crude equipment began to carve out the ninety-two-mile road from park headquarters to the ghost town of Kantishna. This road is now connected to the Denali Highway. In 1928, after forty miles of the park road had been pushed into the wild plateaus and Karstens had laid the groundwork for what is today the United States' greatest wilderness park attraction, the Seventy Mile Kid retired to go into business in Fairbanks.

But many years before that—in 1914—a pioneer of a different sort struggled to bring the park before the public. Few who see the canvas of the south face of McKinley that hangs in the National Gallery in Washington realize that its painter, Sydney Laurence, spent a year making sketches of the massive peak, braving the Arctic cold that doctors said would kill him.

Laurence, who was already a well-known artist with a canvas hanging in the Louvre before he came to Alaska at the turn of the century, had given up painting in favor of prospecting for gold. He was not one of the few who

"struck it rich." On the way back from one unsuccessful expedition, he was flung into the icy water while attempting to land his small boat during a winter storm on Cook Inlet. Hours later he staggered, soaked and freezing, into a native village several miles away. After the blizzard had subsided, some days later, the natives took him by boat to the hospital in Valdez, where he spent months in bed, stubbornly refusing to let the doctors amputate his arms and legs. When he finally left the hospital, they told him that exposure to any more sub-zero temperatures would surely be fatal.



Today, just as in gold-rush times, dog teams are still essential for patrolling Park area in winter

Again a legend got started in a saloon. Apparently Laurence liked to do his convalescing at the Seattle in Valdez. One night, after he had been talking about the potential painting in the bar, some prospector friends raised a four-hundred-dollar grubstake for him. Fearing that they would change their minds as soon as they sobered up, Laurence was out of town by morning.

From Seward, where he picked up supplies, he set off

Nenana River winds through virgin forest decked out in autumn colors





Ranger inspects equipment of Mexican Explorers' Club party that climbed Mount McKinley in 1952

on a lonesome two-hundred-mile dog-team trip to Susitna in dead winter. There he bought more supplies and traveled another two hundred miles to the base of the mountain. After clearing a large campsite of eight feet of snow, he repeated the months-long journey to Seward and back to pick up the paints he had ordered from the States. Then, as summer revealed the spectacular highlands and the park came to life with color, Laurence made forty oil sketches of the mountain.

He had to wait for the snow before leaving. Tedious as the trip is by dog sled in winter, it is next to impossible in summer. The tundra moss is thick and spongy, and travel on it has been described as much like walking on a feather bed. Returning to Valdez, Laurence spent the rest of the winter in a studio painting from his sketches.

As the park grew up, a different breed of man appeared—no less hardy but capable of planning and

achieving rather than actually pioneering. Typical of these men was Grant Pearson, a short, muscular, mild-mannered outdoorsman who retired as superintendent in 1956 after thirty years in the park. Like the Seventy Mile Kid, Pearson is among the few who have climbed the mountain. He also led several rescue attempts, including one for which he trained forty-four men in a fruitless attempt to bring down the bodies of nineteen victims of an airplane crash. Pearson loved the park so much that a couple of years ago he built a small log cabin just outside the boundary, near the end of the road. Caribou pass within a few feet of the picturesque cabin; only minutes away he can catch grayling and Mackinaw trout up to twenty-four inches; and his beloved Mount McKinley towers above the horizon. Here he plans to spend his summers writing a history of the park as only he knows it. In fact, anyone asking for information about the park is sent straight to Pearson. He recalls that in 1926, his first year, there were only fifty-six visitors. Last year, with the highway open, 25,880 had streamed in by November.

For the road-builders—the Bureau of Public Roads and the Anchorage firm of Smith, Brown and Root, Inc.—the seven-year job was a challenge unlikely to be topped. In sub-Arctic Alaska much of the ground never thaws, and under a one- to two-foot layer of soil lies a mixture of dirt, boulders, and ice frozen into a mass that resembles the sturdiest of concretes. To cut through hills and level out rises, the right-of-way had to be stripped of its upper soil and the permafrost bared to the sun, layer by layer, until it melted. Peter J. Bagoy, the government foreman of the seventy-mile stretch from the park boundary to the Susitna River bridge, spoke of one obstinate hill that held out for three years despite the continual thawing and scraping process. At one time the mud was so bad that six of the crew's eighteen large D-8 "cats" were put out of commission, buried above their tracks. Another time, during the annual spring thaw in the Nenana River, two solidly constructed bridges were swept away with the ice. "They were just gone," said Bagoy. "We never saw a stick of wood from those bridges again." They were replaced by the steel structures now in use.

So civilization is gradually catching up with Mount McKinley National Park, and the days when men like Karstens and Pearson patrolled more than twenty thousand miles of wilderness by dog sled belong to the past. At one end of the Denali Highway, Mount McKinley Hotel, at the railroad station, already provides comfortable accommodations for tourists. At the other end, John Windust, a former prospector who owns the oldest lodge on the Valdez gold-rush trail (which is now a highway), is building the new hundred-thousand-dollar Paxson Hotel. Pearson himself is thinking of opening an overnight house for travelers at Kantishna. And eventually both the Denali Highway and the Alaska Highway all the way from Seattle and Great Falls will be paved.

But only a yard or so off the roadside is the same untouched country that greeted the Seventy Mile Kid half a century ago. ♣



Alaska Highway, built during war, and new Denali Highway into Park are gravel-surfaced but will eventually be paved

footsteps in the night

A short story by **JOSÉ DONOSO**

Illustrations by **JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS**

TO MARÍA PILAR SERRANO

THAT NIGHT I returned home very late, after an exhausting day wasted on long futile waits on street corners and unwanted cups of coffee snatched at cheap cafés. Not without surprise, I suddenly noticed that it was two in the morning. Though all day long I had wanted only to be alone in my room, reading or doing nothing, the lights and sounds of downtown had ensnared me, drawing me from here to there without meaning, and I had stood for a long time before shopwindows looking at neckties and books I had no intention of wearing or reading.

I decided, then, to make my way toward my room in the southern part of town. With this determination, my languid life of the afternoon seemed to come into a kind of focus, as if I had finally found myself, lost in the downtown crowds, and, taking myself by the hand, were gently leading myself toward some world that I knew at least something about. "Home" was no more than the hotel room where I had been staying since my arrival in this foreign city, a week earlier. But there, at all events, the bed preserved a memory of my body, and my laundry bag in the corner was filled with my secret personal

JOSÉ DONOSO's first book of short stories, *Veraneo y Otros Cuentos*, won the Santiago Municipal Prize in 1956; his novel *Coronación* was one of last year's biggest critical and popular successes in Chile. A volume by the young Mexican artist JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS, illustrating Kafka short stories, will shortly be published in the United States.

odors. Yes, to head for that world had some meaning. And my thoughts, bruised and raw after rubbing up against so many things alien to them, were satisfied to rest in a comfortable corner of my brain and seemed to go to sleep, only my sense of direction remaining awake.

Gradually, out of the confused jungle of the city, my footsteps untangled a world in which I could recognize myself. This was my customary route toward that room I called home. The 22 streetcar passed, the one I always took. Closed now, barely more than a heap of planks, the stall where I usually bought tangerines. Night had snatched away its fruity colors, though if I went a little nearer I might perhaps discover the aromas of oranges and apples hidden in the deep shadow cast by the building. Yes, this world would let me in and, lifting its cloak of strangeness, allow me to call it mine. I could not get lost. The very sky, caught between the colorless houses, was a clear and benevolent strip below which I could lead myself without hesitation.

In this way I came to the corner where my street branched off, and slowly turned down it. I saw nothing, the universe itself had stopped, such was my weariness and my desire to arrive. I do not know how I opened my door, climbed to my room, undressed, and stretched my heavy limbs between the sheets. I turned out the light.

But despite my exhaustion I could not compose myself for sleep. Somehow that day of wandering without rhyme or reason seemed to grieve me, as if I reproached myself for not having spent it to more purpose, as if I wished to force myself to retrace my aimless steps and touch something real, establish some relationship that would conquer the loneliness imposed by the inhospitable city. I turned on the light and picked up a book. I read at random:

"This magic project had used up all the space in his soul; if someone had asked him his own name or anything about his previous life, he would not have been able to answer. The deserted and crumbling temple suited him because it was a minimum of visible world. . . ."

I floated on through the pages of Borges. I did not think about what I was reading, but rather let the enchanted words sink into the stagnant water of my mind, so that underneath, magnified by my subaqueous and cloudy vision, they would make contact with me.

All at once, in the silence of the street, I heard footsteps I recognized. I put down the book, but when I heard the steps going away I took it up again. I read on, and with the sentences the steps returned as if evoked by them, slow, heavy, tired. Again I recognized them.

Where had I heard them before, just the same in cadence and weight?

In this whole city there were no footsteps I knew, none that could sound as familiar to me as footsteps on the staircases of my childhood. All, absolutely all, the millions and millions of steps in this city were strange to me. Yet these were steps I knew well.

I picked up my book again, but I was a long time getting back to my reading. I recalled how slowly I had walked home that night, how vacant of mind, as if the entire city started just where my senses left off, and



here, in this void that was I, my steps had no echo. I began to read once more. But no. My steps did have an echo—the sentences in Borges mimicked their rhythm and heaviness:

"The damp path zigzagged like those of my childhood. We came to a library. . . ."

Outside, the steps again began to patrol the night, and as they fell into the rhythm of Borges' prose I identified them.

Why shouldn't I recognize the steps in the street? They were mine!

I dropped the book. My ears strained to pierce the silence, to hear myself wandering through the silence of the Buenos Aires night.

On my way home, I had walked very slowly. Now, shutting my eyes, rejecting my immediate surroundings,

I tried to penetrate into that recent past—I tried to go back over my steps when I came down the street, hardly seeing and not thinking at all. Again I heard my steps:

"The damp path zigzagged. . . ."

Oh, yes. Here they were again. Here they came, they approached, they disappeared. I was outside, walking back and forth in front of something as if I were waiting. And, stretched out in my bed, too tired and too alone to doubt, I recognized myself.

As if I were waiting. As I came through the streets, overwhelmed with fatigue, I had not noticed, but now I found this desire to wait stored up at the back of my memory. My steps walked outside waiting for something. Yes, because when I came, I saw an open, lighted window, on the ground floor of the house opposite mine, with threadbare lace curtains tracing a complicated pat-

tern. And my steps remained outside awaiting something from that promising window.

I turned out the light. Far away, the clatter of a streetcar, and nothing else. With my eyes fixed on the luminous dial of my watch, so that the darkness should not cut me off from time, I waited for my steps. Suddenly I burst out laughing. How could they be my steps if I was here, looking at the hands of my watch and laughing in the dark?

I did not hear my laugh, because it was as quiet as if no one were laughing. And in the silence left by my laugh that no one had laughed, I heard two voices whispering in the street. They were hardly voices at all, but the man's intonation was not of this city. My foreign voice, my intonation! Yes, in the depths of the darkness of the street my voice was whispering beside a lighted window, and a woman's voice was answering.

Yes!

Yes. When I passed in front of the window, I had also seen the outline of a woman's body, which melted behind the curtain as I appeared. When I opened my door, and when I shut it, feminine eyes had spied on me. But, with my will blotted out by the nothingness of the city night, I had seen nothing. When I came in, the woman's eyes had remained staring at me from the oblong of luminous fog. Now their glance burned into my back.

Who was this woman?

Was she, perhaps, the butcher's wife, fat and proud of her prestige in the neighborhood, who discussed the price of a loin roast with all the customers at the top of her voice? No, she lived behind the shop and had no window on the street. And, unlike hers, those eyes watching me—I remembered them clearly now—were hungry, hungry like the eyes of the truck driver's young wife, a pale-faced girl with a loose red mouth like an open wound, who looked the other way when her husband kissed her goodbye on the doorstep. They lived on the ground floor, next door to the butcher shop. Was it she?

Yes, yes. I had not responded then, but my footsteps had stayed near her, returning and leaving and approaching again.

Yes. I had seen her. Just the outline of a body muffled in a coarse wrapper, in ambush behind the curtain. A body avid and alone, waiting too.

I looked at the dial of my watch. Lord, more than a

quarter of an hour and my steps had not returned! Had the night swallowed them up, were they wandering lost in the unknown city, below other windows, in other neighborhoods? And she was waiting, because her husband had left this morning with a load for Corrientes. I turned on the light and took up Borges again, so that his prose would drag my footsteps back from their straying.

"From the other room came the strumming of a guitar, a sort of poor labyrinth that knotted itself and untied itself into infinity...."

My steps could no longer delay. Almost, almost, I could hear the anxious breathing of the woman who was behind the curtain opposite, leaning against the window frame and perhaps calling to me. And, marvelously, my steps at last issued from the middle of the night, expectant but unhurried, obedient and ready.

I breathed a deep sigh. The force of the sigh seemed to use up what remained of my consciousness, because I fell asleep on the instant, as if emptied by the sigh. I heard no more steps. In the girl's room I pleaded with her, telling her of my solitude, comparing it with hers. All was silence. Would she accept me? Would she reject me, as the strange city had done? A profile behind the cobweb of the curtain gazed hungrily at me. I was here, paralyzed, imprisoned on the surface of sleep, without descending to its bottom. I was there, with her—or without her? And that careless whistle that accompanied my steps, was it the same that had been on my lips when I came in? My steps? No, someone else's. No, no, mine, walking under the lighted but secret window. My hands frantically sought the woman's form among the old curtains, which suddenly dissolved into a soft, warm substance. I could not grasp her.

Then, much later, or perhaps only a few seconds later, the wild shriek of a woman split the night, awakening me. I leaped from my bed. I heard my steps—and I recognized them beyond doubt—racing across from the opposite sidewalk. Someone opened the door of my house. I dashed to the window and flung it up. The night was very still. On the other side of the street a disheveled woman, looking as if she had been hurt, appeared between the curtains of a lighted window, and when she saw me she began to scream, pointing at me:

"There he is! There he is! Police! That's the man!" ♦





Half Uruguay, Half Brazil

RIVERA AND LIVRAMENTO IGNORE THE BOUNDARY

HÉCTOR PEREYRA SUÁREZ as told to BENEDICTA S. MONSEN

THERE IS something schizophrenic about growing up, as I did, in Rivera, Uruguay. This town in the department of the same name is a Siamese twin to Livramento, in Rio Grande do Sul State, Brazil. You learn not one language but two—or even three, if you count the peculiar amalgamation of Spanish and Portuguese that is practically a local dialect. This is what happens when the boundary is only an imaginary line running along an avenue and an absence of red tape allows people to run

back and forth all day from one country to another. The schools on either side do their best to preserve the children's native tongue; but, just to add to the confusion, one's mother is as likely as not to come from over the border. Mine did.

I grew up speaking Portuguese and so did a lot of other Uruguayans who went to the same school, two blocks away from the dividing line. For one reason several Brazilian children attended our school, because at that time there was none in the adjacent Livramento neighborhood. Like their elders, they fiercely resisted speaking Spanish and dared us to disobey the teachers' orders whenever there was a chance. If you didn't you were a sissy—so, naturally, at recess our *lingua franca*

HÉCTOR PEREYRA SUÁREZ, born and brought up on the "half Uruguay" side, is now an editor with Inter-American Publications, a division of the Pacific Press Publishing Association, in Brookfield, Illinois. BENEDICTA S. MONSEN is now in Italy, on leave of absence from her job as editor of the Portuguese edition of AMÉRICAS.

was Portuguese. And besides, even the teachers were influenced by Brazil as a result of intermarriage in their own families. How can you appeal to the youngsters' patriotism to preserve a language when you yourself feel this double loyalty?

The fact is that for many years most of Rivera's inhabitants were Brazilian landowners who crossed into Uruguay ostensibly "because the land is better for cattle-raising," but more likely because "everything is cheaper, since our neighbors' customs duties are less restrictive than ours," according to Count d'Eu, who accompanied his father-in-law, the Brazilian Emperor Pedro II, on a visit there in 1865. He explained that the country was virtually the same on either side of the border: rolling hills with pleasant, wooded valleys—ideal, like most of that area, for raising livestock.

Cattle and sheep—and also, more recently, the related industries of meat-packing and wool—have always been the main source of income for both Rivera and Livramento. But each gets its manufactured products from various sources in its own country, and these goods are usually so different and regionally unique that the stores are not directly competitive and there is much trading back and forth. The inflation that has affected both countries keeps prices in balance, and Uruguayan and Brazilian money are used interchangeably.

Nothing prevents people who live in one town from working in the other. All automobiles carry international license plates allowing them to circulate freely. Telephone calls can be made directly, and there is only one direc-

tory for the two towns. Water and power connections permit mutual helping-out in case of shortage. Before Livramento had a fire department, it was served by the one in Rivera; today each town has its own, but all fire stations on one side have a detailed street map of the other, so that they can work together when necessary (as happened during the fire that ravaged the Livramento Military Airfield in 1947, and again when a social club burned down in Rivera in 1957).

And so with the police. Usually they repatriate undesirables who cross the border; but, depending on circumstances, a criminal from one side may be tried on the other. When this happens, the authorities will keep their neighbors informed, and if a conviction results the latter will drop the case. A few years ago, for instance, a Brazilian shot a man in Livramento; the victim fell dead on the Rivera side, and the assassin was arrested and tried there. What in less favored but more sophisticated areas of the world might have been a complex problem of international law was thus settled in a reasonable, simple way, to everyone's satisfaction.

Social and medical assistance has always been dispensed in both towns without regard to nationality, and for ten years now the two municipal governments have been contributing to the maintenance of an international school for handicapped children. Started at the suggestion of Mrs. Eloyr Almestoy de Fialho, a Brazilian who had studied the problem in Montevideo, it is staffed by specialists of both countries and, at last count, had sixteen Uruguayan and nine Brazilian pupils. Not that it mat-

Partial aerial view of Rivera (foreground) and Livramento. Broad avenue (running width of photograph) marks international boundary



ters, but the school is in Rivera (though right next to the boundary), on land donated by the town.

Sharing their lighter and festive moments as well, the people of Livramento and Rivera celebrate each other's national holidays with school, civic, and military ceremonies and even with suspension of business activities. One night a week Livramento's young set crosses over to Rivera practically en masse to promenade on its wide "main drag," Avenida Sarandí, from which all motor traffic is temporarily barred—an occasion for much inter-

cially founded ten years later, although the village of Ceballos had existed on that same spot for several years.

From rustic "cow towns" both have progressed to up-to-date communities of about fifty thousand each, boasting all modern conveniences—good schools, hospitals, and libraries—and fashionable residential sections. All this, of course, at the expense of some of the more colorful aspects I remember from my childhood. Many years have passed since I left Rivera, and every time I go back I notice with nostalgia how the old customs, and espe-



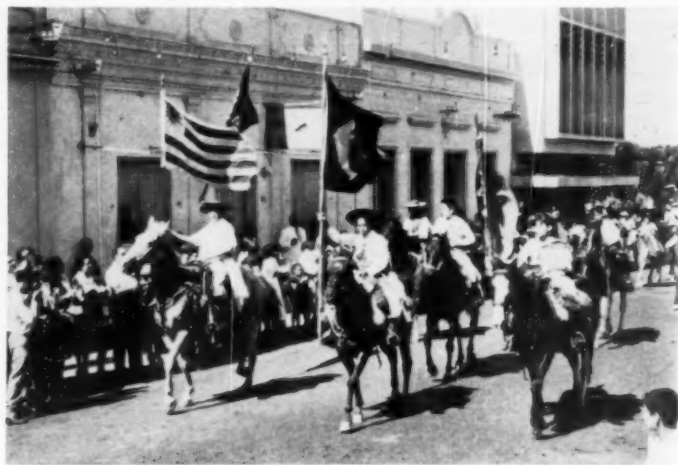
Celebration of Livramento centenary in International Park. Brazilian sign, announcing "One Single Spirit," gives Uruguayan city top billing



Junior costume ball at Livramento school, an annual benefit affair



International Building, still under construction, is only yards inside Brazilian border



Gauchos from both cities join in international parade at entrance to Livramento

national flirting. The spaciousness of this avenue also attracts the Brazilians at Carnival time, to take part in the holiday events and general merriment, to watch the floats from both towns competing for prizes, and to see the coronation of the Uruguayan and Brazilian Carnival Queens.

Livramento was actually the first to be established. It grew out of a land grant made to a certain Luciano Pinheiro in 1818, but it did not become a full-fledged town until 1857, the same year that Brazil and Uruguay signed a treaty fixing the boundary line. Rivera was offi-

cially certain traditional popular types, are gradually disappearing. One of these last was the *bicheira* who used to come by our house every day. Her task was to collect bets on an old Brazilian numbers game called *jôgo do bicho* (literally, "beast game," a series of twenty-five numbers, each represented by an animal, in which the winner was determined by the final numbers on the winning ticket in the Brazilian lottery). This exciting pastime is now outlawed, but in my day it was very popular, particularly among respectable women. The old *bicheira* of my childhood had clacking false teeth made in Livra-



Arturo Lezama (left), then President of Uruguayan Governing Council, met with President Kubitschek of Brazil at Livramento centenary in 1957



Commercial exhibit of leading Brazilian manufacturer. People shop on whichever side of border they prefer

mento, and she wore her eyeglasses at a crazy angle, for part of the frame was missing and the elastic band that held them over her right ear had long since been stretched out of shape by her habit of pulling them up her wrinkled forehead or down her long nose whenever she felt no need for them. I do not recall her name, but it must have been either Ursulina, Escolástica, or Rufina—among the favorites of her sisterhood. An essential part of her trade was to interpret her clients' dreams, so that they would know what animal to bet on. For instance, she knew by experience that if you dreamed of your dead grandfather it was likely that the horse would win; if you dreamed of your mother-in-law, the elephant. Though the *bicheiros* earned very little at their work, they were scrupulously honest in paying the winners each day and, since the beast game was regarded as a highly serious institution, enjoyed great respect in the community.

Another type that has naturally disappeared is the firewood-and-egg vendor. This young man in his teens used to come down the street playing the harmonica and leading a solemn little burro strangely laden with firewood on its back and egg "collars" around its neck (these last were made by wrapping a row of eggs in a long piece of cloth and tying the spaces in between with tiny strips). He wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, ballooning gaucho-style pants with patches at the knees, and wooden-soled clogs, or occasionally shoes ingeniously fashioned out of pieces of old tires. In this outfit he looked like a Brazilian, and he talked like one; the only way you could tell he was not was that he could attend



Rivera school for crippled children recognizes no national boundary. Founder-director (center) and teacher at right are Brazilian; other teacher is Uruguayan



Fashion show in Livramento club draws "high society," Brazilian and Uruguayan

election-day barbecues on the Uruguayan side of the border and live in the hope of some day collecting the old-age pension offered by the Uruguayan Government.

Gone, too, of course, were the tall, sturdy wagons with wheels six feet high. These, pulled by several teams of horses, were used to haul heavy freight.

But one thing had not changed. The last time I was in Rivera, in 1954, my urge to reminisce compelled me to stop and chat with youngsters here and there. Many answered me in Portuguese, some in a Spanish flavored with that unmistakable Brazilian accent. Nor was the attitude of their elders any different: they still waged their battle against linguistic infiltration, knowing all the while how hopeless it was.

This, however, does not affect the traditional close relationship of Rivera and Livramento, where cooperation and reciprocity are taken for granted by citizens and officials alike. Probably no one in either town has ever heard the old U.S. saying that good fences make good neighbors—and they wouldn't believe a word of it if they had. Their formula for getting along is based on shared interests, an abundance of common sense, and a fun-loving temperament no doubt encouraged by the fact that the living is relatively easy. If they have not altogether escaped the curse of Babel, the citizens of Livramento and Rivera have at least developed the happiest split personality I can think of. ♦

Marian
Anderson
represents
her
country



Song and

NORMALLY the world would take little notice of the appointment of an alternate representative on the U.S. delegation to the United Nations. Not so when the delegate in question was Marian Anderson, who was named to serve in this post during the thirteenth session of the General Assembly. For this extraordinary woman, who has risen from humble beginnings in South Philadelphia to win acclaim as the greatest contralto of her time, has become a living symbol, not only for the Negro race in the United States but for all minorities the world over. She exemplifies the freedom of the individual under a democratic government to overcome any social or economic stigma. Moreover, just by being the person she is, she stresses the importance of respect for human dignity.

In general, the U.S. press applauded the appointment. Take these words from a *New York Times* editorial on July 25, 1958: "There is something special about [it]. The choice may be construed as a recognition of her own unique worth. We like to think, however, that it is rather a way in which the United States does honor to the world organization. . . ."

Chilean-born ARMANDO ZEGRÍ runs the Galería Sudamericana in New York.

I met Marian Anderson in September 1958. From where I was sitting in the press section of the General Assembly hall—waiting for our interview—I could see her face as she listened intently to the simultaneous interpretation of a speech by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko and watched his every gesture. She was just behind Secretary of State Dulles and Ambassador Lodge.

Afterwards, I remarked to her: "You should feel quite at home here, since this place is so much like a great concert hall."

"That's true," she agreed. "Actually, I have sung here, at a celebration of United Nations Day."

As we walked into one of the side rooms, I asked what she thought of the United Nations—from backstage, so to speak. She was quick to point out the tremendous benefits to be gained from the person-to-person contacts among the delegates from almost all the nations of the world. This she considers vital to mutual understanding.

"On my trips," she added, "I have been made quite aware of the urgent need for the people of different lands to meet each other on an equal footing and thus dispel many false conceptions. For instance, most people abroad think that we Americans, with all our money, try to buy

everything that strikes our fancy—and they resent any attitude that implies that they too can be bought. This arises largely from our practice of giving other nations what we think they should have and not always what they really need. The important thing is to find out what those needs are.”

Miss Anderson speaks quietly and almost hesitantly, with frequent pauses between words and phrases. In her autobiography, *My Lord, What a Morning*, she wrote that as a child she liked to sing in D-flat because it made her think of velvet. And the simile “as smooth as velvet” accurately describes her demeanor and personality. Her actual age is a mystery, but she certainly looks at least ten years younger than the estimated fifty-five. She seems to have little interest in dates and seldom mentions years or days. Usually she places events by seasons—early summer, late fall, midwinter; nothing more.

She does remember that she was about eight when she earned her first money, not by singing but by cleaning front steps for a nickel. All the neighborhood children worked at similar jobs, but Marian always made sure that the steps she scrubbed “were cleaner than the steps the other kids were scrubbing.”

It was at about the same time that she began singing in the Union Baptist Church junior choir. Her father, who sold ice and coal during the week, never missed a

Sunday, and Marian went along with him—perhaps, she says, to lighten the burden of her mother, who had two younger daughters to look after at home. She first saw her name in print on a church bulletin, when the public was invited to come and hear “the baby contralto.”

Her father died when she was only ten, and life became harder—but Marian kept on singing. She was more and more in demand as a soloist at the Union Baptist Church, and many people came to Sunday services just to hear her (at thirteen she joined the senior choir). Soon there were invitations from other churches and from social and charitable organizations; occasionally she even traveled out of town. By then she had learned to play the piano and could accompany herself. It was not long before she was receiving a dollar for each recital, then five dollars. She joined the Philadelphia Choral Society, a Negro group that sang for the love of it, and one of the officers solemnly announced to her mother: “Mrs. Anderson, I am going to tell you something. You mark my words, one of these days this child is going to earn fifty dollars a night. I said fifty dollars a night. Now you mark my words.”

“I sang naturally,” Miss Anderson recalled in her book, “free as a bird soars, with a voice of considerable size and wide range. There was no difficulty in filling the church auditorium. In my youthful exuberance I let my-

Statesmanship

Serving on Trusteeship Committee of UN General Assembly, Miss Anderson listens to simultaneous interpretation of speech on Cameroons



self go, and on several occasions it was suggested gently that my voice was a little too prominent. I had no thought about technique or style. It may seem boastful to say so, but at that moment I did not need them. I had no difficulty with any music set before me, for I could sing any note in any of the registers. Usually, I sang the alto part, but I could fill in for soprano or tenor. If necessary, I also filled in for the baritone or bass, though in that case I would sing an octave higher. . . . If one of the soloists was absent I was given the nod."

Marian was in her teens when she took her first real voice lesson. As her "career" gained momentum and money was not such a problem, she was able to afford regular training. To this day she follows a strict regimen of vocal exercises, since—as she puts it—the voice is an instrument that cannot be neglected. Incidentally, when her UN duties consume her days, she spends every evening at this chore.

She seems to take no pride in having such a magnificent voice. To her, it is simply "a gift from God." When Arturo Toscanini heard her sing in Salzburg, Austria, in 1935—after her triumphant tour of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland—he told her: "Yours is a voice such as one hears once in a hundred years." In Helsinki, Jan Sibelius, who was then seventy, wanted to meet her. At his invitation, she visited his home and sang two of his compositions. Sibelius, moved by the recital, embraced Miss Anderson and ordered champagne to mark the occasion. "My roof," he exclaimed, "is too low for you."

That same year, her career finally came into full fruition—or made "a new beginning," as she has called it. On December 30, just after her return from Europe, she gave a concert in Town Hall in New York and won the unstinted acclaim of both audience and critics. In her book, Miss Anderson wrote that this gave her the feeling of "having stepped up to another level. I had been singing a long time, moving from one step to the next almost imperceptibly. . . . But if there has been one appearance that seemed like a leap forward, this Town Hall event was it."

Exactly one month later she sang to a sold-out Carnegie Hall. Olin Downes, the late *New York Times* music critic, remarked that "the public could expect great things from her." In March 1936 she gave a third concert in New York, before leaving on another European tour, which took her to the Soviet Union for the first time—to Leningrad and Moscow. On a second visit, starting in May, Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, and Tiflis were added to the itinerary. The prominent Russian theatrical producer Konstantin Stanislavsky invited her to prolong her visit and sing in his production of *Carmen*.

Miss Anderson says that she is frequently asked whether she thinks her warm welcome in the Soviet Union was a propaganda move. To this she replies that she does not know; as for herself, while she was in that country her only concern was for music, but she does believe that her presence proved beyond a doubt that a Negro could "be raised up freely in the United States to do the work the Lord had given him the gift to do."



During Far East tour in 1957 noted contralto gave concerts in many cities. Here she sings with Indian symphony orchestra

This exceptional woman has been awarded fifteen honorary degrees from U.S. universities and colleges, the Swedish "Litteris et Artibus" medal, the Finnish Order of the White Rose, the Liberian Order of African Redemption, the coveted Japanese Yukosho medal (presented by the Emperor himself), and prizes from the Philippine and Israeli governments; she has been lauded in the U.S. Congress for her meritorious efforts on behalf of her country in foreign lands; she is beloved of millions of music lovers everywhere—yet her head has not been turned and she even shies away from publicity and ostentation. To her, music is like a religion, and she well deserves to be called "The High Priestess of Song."

All this is not to say that Marian Anderson has not suffered humiliation because of the color bar. As a child, she was denied admission to a Philadelphia music school; on several occasions she has been turned away from hotels; she has had to travel in "Jim Crow" cars on railroads in the South. But the severest blow—which quickly grew into a *cause célèbre*—was when the Daughters of the American Revolution refused to let her give a concert in their Constitution Hall on Easter Sunday in 1939. Newspaper editorials all over the country seized upon the incident, and Eleanor Roosevelt, then the First Lady, resigned from the DAR in protest. As a sort of public apology, Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes offered the Lincoln Memorial as an appropriate place for an outdoor concert, to be held on the originally scheduled date. Miss Anderson, who would much rather have kept out of the controversy altogether, could not refuse, since she had become—albeit unwillingly—a symbol of her race. More than seventy-five thousand people thronged around the Memorial, and Miss Anderson confesses that she had to choke back the tears.

The following year she gave ninety-two concerts in seventy cities and towns throughout the United States. In 1941, she won the ten-thousand-dollar Philadelphia Award, endowed by the journalist and publisher Edward Bok and given annually to the Philadelphian who contributes most to the city's prestige. Using this money as

a start, she established the Marian Anderson Scholarships, which are open to all voice students, whatever their race, sex, or religion. To date, more than seventy have been awarded, at a cost of over thirty thousand dollars.

On Easter Sunday in 1941 Marian Anderson gave her first concert in Constitution Hall, at the special invitation of the DAR. On the eve of this performance, a painting of her famous concert at the Lincoln Memorial was unveiled. "May I say," she wrote in her autobiography, "that when I finally walked into Constitution Hall and sang from its stage I had no feeling different from what I have in other halls. There was no sense of triumph. I felt that it was a beautiful concert hall, and I was happy to sing in it."

She made her first trip to Latin America in May 1943, when she gave six concerts in Mexico City. She was an immediate hit with the audiences there, perhaps because she had chosen *La Golondrina* as her final song. Night after night, the Mexicans sang right along with her. She has happy memories of Mexican hospitality, especially of those times when people on the streets greeted her with "Ave Maria," the opening words of the Schubert composition that has always been one of the best-liked in her repertoire.

Her favorite composers, incidentally, are Schubert, Bach, Brahms, and Wolf, whose works are always included in her programs. Nor does she ever fail to sing a few spirituals, though her interpretation of at least one—*The Crucifixion*—has sometimes been criticized as being too sophisticated. Nevertheless, no one can deny that she sings it with profound conviction.

In June 1950 she traveled more extensively in Latin America, giving four concerts in Rio de Janeiro, four in São Paulo, three in Montevideo, and seven in Buenos

Aires. In 1951 and 1956 she toured Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, Cuba, Haiti, and the Central American nations. The tremendous fervor and generous ovations of the Latin American audiences often moved her to tears.

For those concerts, Miss Anderson made a point of including works by Latin American composers—Antonio Estévez of Venezuela; Alberto Ginastera of Argentina; Manuel Ponce of Mexico; Camargo Guarnieri, Hechel Tavares, and Heitor Villa-Lobos of Brazil. All are favorites of hers. Brazilian audiences responded with unusual warmth to her interpretations of Tavares' *Funeral of a Nagô King* and Villa-Lobos' *Redondilha* and *Nhapopé*.

"Villa-Lobos' music is strange and impressive," she remarked. "We became friends when I was in Brazil. I admire him greatly, both as a composer and as a human being. And Tavares gave me, as a souvenir, a lovely fan made of tropical-bird feathers that I keep in a special frame at home."

In September 1957 the U.S. Department of State sent Miss Anderson as a special emissary to India and the Far East. It was this ten-week tour—more than any other of her many trips—that brought to light her superb character: her simplicity, her sincerity, her faith, her genuine interest in learning how other people think and feel. "Understanding" is a much-used word in her vocabulary, and she is convinced that it is just this—understanding—that will ultimately solve the race problem wherever it may exist.

"'Understanding,'" she explained, "doesn't mean embracing every man you meet, white or black. It does mean, however, that every man should be judged for his personal worth, for whatever good or bad there is in him, regardless of the color of his skin. The Creator made no mistake when he made us different colors. If only we could love each other with the same intensity that we hate each other! I've been fortunate to live in an age of changes. And we have not yet come to the end. It has been very satisfying to witness these changes in our country, very satisfying for all of us."

During her Far East tour, she was warmly received not only by concert audiences but by all the people she talked with. Statesmen like Nehru of India, U Nu of Burma, the King of Thailand, all accorded her the honors of an ambassador extraordinary, and her appointment to the UN post was certainly a fitting climax.

My last question concerned her plans for the months when the General Assembly would probably not be in session. "In January," she said, "I shall make a concert tour of the States. I hope to be in Canada in May, and after that to visit the Virgin Islands and other spots in the Caribbean. A tour of Australia is scheduled for June and July. But at the moment I am concentrating all my efforts on the United Nations."

We parted on the stairs, just above the delegates' entrance to the Assembly hall. As I watched her descend, a stately figure framed by the magnificent murals that had been painted by Cândido Portinari of Brazil, I recalled the last words of her autobiography: "I have a great belief in the future of my people and my country." ♦



In Burma, Premier U Nu welcomed her as U.S. ambassador extraordinary. Everywhere she charmed public and leaders alike



"Rolli," flown in from Sweden to participate in 1958 International Frog Olympics in Angels Camp, California, jumped four feet nine inches

IT WAS the big day, and everyone had a bet on Daniel. After all, he had the reputation of being the best jumping frog in the West. Daniel's owner, a local gambler named Jim Smiley, had been unable to resist the challenges of two city slickers who had said that almost any old frog could beat the champion of Calaveras County, California. At the time set for the contest, everybody gathered round the circle in which the two frogs were to jump. The one that jumped the farthest would win the pot of several thousand dollars. As Daniel and the city frog were placed in the middle of the circle, no one doubted that Daniel would win. Even so, the onlookers held their breath, and to the astonishment of all, the

strangers' frog leaped high and far—while Daniel did not even budge. Not until after the New Yorkers had collected their money and left for parts unknown did the local people discover that poor Daniel had been fed full of buckshot.

This, of course, is the story of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," written by Mark Twain while he was living in a cabin at Jackass Hill. On one of his regular trips to near-by Angels Camp, a tavern owner told him about Daniel and the contest that was supposed to have taken place there in the summer of 1863.

During the gold rush, Angels Camp was a thriving city, and thousands of miners flocked in on week ends to relax from their labors in the surrounding hills. There were saloons, dance halls, and gambling houses aplenty, but the prospectors wanted still more entertainment. Frog-jumping contests became popular, and it was not

GILBERT KHACHADOURIAN is a field representative in the San Francisco office of the Social Security Administration. His avocations are journalism and photography.

long before large sums were being won or lost on the hop of a frog.

Since 1928 the State of California has sponsored an annual Frog-Jumping Jubilee in Angels Camp, which today is only a small town but enjoys world-wide renown as the site of what many people call the International Frog Olympics. Last year a crowd of fifteen thousand watched the contest between thirty-three U.S. entries and twenty-six from other countries. Elaine Tu flew in from Taipeh with "Hopalong Wei," who represented Free China, and Bror W. Lander brought "Rolli" from the other side of the globe to jump for the honor of Sweden. "Piccadilly Pete," a London frog, was the English entry, and "Estrella de Salvador," the Salvadorian.

If a frog breaks the world's record—which now stands at 16 feet 10 inches—he takes home the entire thousand-dollar purse. Otherwise, the money is divided, with \$350 going to the top winner. ♦

ing frogs!

GILBERT KHACHADOURIAN



Father-and-son team from Oakland took two top prizes. "Tule Jim" (left) covered fourteen feet five and a half inches in three leaps to win first place, and "Maggie" was but an inch behind



Officials measure winning jump of 1958

Salvadorian entry, "Estrella de Salvador," jumped seven feet five inches



"HOW THEY LOOKED TO ME"

These unpublished notes from a series of interviews—which were done for a Caracas daily by Francisco Reyes Hens, a Spanish journalist and caricaturist who now lives in Venezuela—appeared in Revista Shell, the lavish Spanish-language quarterly that the Shell Company of Venezuela puts out for free distribution:

The first words I wrote for a Venezuelan paper were: Arturo Uslar Pietri. *El Nacional* had commissioned me to do a regular interview column (much the same sort of thing I had done for *El Comercio* in Quito), and Uslar Pietri was my first subject. . . . At the time, early in December 1957, his play *El Dios Invisible* (The Invisible God) was in production.



The fact that this marked my journalistic "debut" in Venezuela, my eagerness to do it right, my natural timidity, the difficulty I had had arranging a date with such a busy man, and the last-minute wait in his outer office combined to give me a terrible case of nervous nerves.

Trying my best to look intelligent,

I asked a few desultory questions, which Uslar Pietri answered in a most gracious and unpretentious manner: then I dashed out of his office, as if I were in a hurry. . . . And now I must put in writing how Arturo Uslar Pietri looked to me during our first meeting. The truth is, I simply did not see him—and through no fault of his.

The first time I saw Mariano Picón Salas his image was engraved on my mind, in a comfortable position: sitting down. But not sitting like any



neighbor's son. . . . It was more as if his ample body had been poured into his armchair. . . . I cannot say whether he is always like that or whether it happened only that once, whether he had been out all night or was exhausted from hard work. (I seem to recall that he mentioned some slight indisposition.)

But his eyes, behind his glasses, seemed a thing apart from his lassitudinous body. They inquired, they probed, they responded alertly. Slightly crinkled, as by a smile. . . .

His voice, warmly Venezuelan, was full and mature, deliberate and direct,

with a delightful hint of an Andalusian accent. Reminiscent of Cádiz. Of quiet marshes and white limestone.

His hands matched his eyes. Restless, like the flourish on a signature. They punctuated his sentences; they beautified them. They nimbly molded nimble ideas.

We talked of the theater, of travel, of books (politics, at that time, was never discussed with a stranger). . . . To sum up my impressions of the first hour I spent with Mariano Picón Salas, I can say only that he was sitting down, wholly and indubitably.

As hot as it must be in the waiting room of Hell. The sun in its implacable midday fury. And I was wearing a tie.

Just outside Evencio Castellanos' apartment I was "received" by the



familiar sounds of lunch. . . . An unsmiling maid ushered me into the living room to wait. In the cool half-dark: the piano, some paintings by his brother-in-law Armando Barrios, and an appetizing aroma of steak and potatoes.

The composer did not keep me waiting long. When he came in, I was

holding an LP record that he had just made—twelve *criollo* waltzes out of the romantic past. Expressive and delicate, they seemed like flowers that had been pressed between the pages of a book of poetry. . . .

Evencio Castellanos: assistant director of the School of Music, organ teacher, composer, conductor, and pianist. I was most impressed . . . by his gentle, fatherly warmth. Father of the music he composes, conducts, plays, and teaches. And of five lively children, who were just then noisily downing the last spoonful of dessert.

Only once in my life have I talked with Arturo Croce, the poet and short-story writer. And no longer than twenty minutes at that. It is utterly



naïve to think that a personality can be analyzed in such a short time. I would not attempt it even if I were smarter than Lepe (as the saying goes, whoever Lepe is) and the interviewee as transparent as glass. When the man involved is a literary figure, it is even worse than worse.

I will say, nevertheless, that the Director of Culture and Fine Arts of the Ministry of Education is completely serious. His is the authentic seriousness that marks the public official. . . . But when I say "seriousness," I do not mean "austerity" or "antipathy," rather "serene and gracious formality." . . . However, my superficial judgment of Croce may be altogether mistaken. He may be gayer than a cricket, and I just happened to meet him on an off day. . . . Come to think of it, no man who says he would never put the words "zephyr" and "governmental" in a poem could be completely serious. . . .

The painter Luis López Méndez was filming one of his television programs when I first saw him. . . . The set was crowded with . . . canvases, fishing tackle, picture frames, clay pots, straw hats—in perfectly organized disarray.



During a break, we chatted a while—just under the brilliant red "Silence" sign. In person, López Méndez is as good a conversationalist and almost as nice as he is on the video screen. (I copied that cute little word "video" from a Cuban magazine.)

We talked about art. Of his own work he said: "I paint for pure enjoyment and personal satisfaction. . . . Since I always look for the good side of things, there is no anguish, grief, or ugliness in my work. . . . We already have too many painters of blackness, bitterness, and filth. The radiant sun, tropical palms, and the lovely smiling mulatto women . . . should also be immortalized on canvas. . . ."

López Méndez seemed to me a contented man who lacks any feeling of self-importance. . . . Indeed, he is to be envied for his calm enjoyment of life.

Just as I had always pictured an art collector, so I found Pedro Vallénilla Echeverría. . . . It was in the Mendoza Gallery, and he stood amid works by Fortuny, Sironi, De Picis, Cundo Bermúdez, Dalí, Lam, Reverón, Boggio, Vázquez Brito, and many others. . . . He was hanging them, expertly, carefully, lovingly (a touch here and there, almost like the caress of a father or a lover). . . . He was directing the preparations for one of the auctions that the Mendoza Foundation holds periodically.

We talked—obviously—of paintings. I learned that he had begun collecting

some thirty years before, concentrating then on the Spanish, Flemish, and Italian classicists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Later his taste changed and he went in for contemporary painting.

For reasons of space—he detests overcrowding—he keeps his collection to a maximum of a hundred pictures. . . . This means that every time he buys a new canvas, something must go (and the "something" may be by Modigliani, Gauguin, Monet, Degas, Chagall, or Matisse). In this way, today's hun-



dred is a select representation of the painting of recent times, from French Impressionism on. Curiously, he chooses and rejects canvases almost as if it were a game, a sort of elimination play-off. I would dub him "The Collector of the Even Hundred."

GOLF LINKS

Like any other Sunday supplement, Hablemos—which is published in New York for sale to Spanish-language newspapers all over this Hemisphere—carries light articles of general interest. The following is by Roberto Marán:

Bat-and-ball games have long ranked among man's favorite diversions. One in particular, which has of course undergone changes from time to time and place to place, has become the favorite of millions. In Rome it was known as *paganica*; in England, during the reign of Edward III, as *cambruca* [after a bishop's staff or crook]; in Scotland as *shinty* [or *shinny*, a variation of hockey]; and in Holland as *kolf*. The word *kolf* derives from the German *kolben*, which means stick or club. Finally, in Scotland the game came to be called golf, and was played much as it is today.

Golf was first mentioned in the Scottish archives of history near the end of the fourteenth century. Royal decrees banned the game because it kept young men from practicing archery, which was not only considered the manliest sport but was also an essential skill on the battlefield. Despite repeated edicts, golf grew more and more popular. . . . The bans were finally lifted . . . when gunpowder was invented and bows and arrows became obsolete as weapons of war.

In the beginning, golf was played only by the aristocracy. Charles I of England was one of the most ardent golfers of his day. Just as they say that Sir Francis Drake calmly went on bowling as the Spanish Armada was approaching the English shores, so the story goes that King Charles did not miss a stroke in a round of golf when he heard the report of the first Irish rebellion.

James II of Scotland, when he was still Duke of York, got into an argument over the origin of the game. Two English nobles insisted it was English; the Duke vowed it was Scottish. They agreed that a match between representatives of the two countries would decide the question once and for all. The Duke chose as his playing partner a shoemaker named Patersone, whose fame as a golfer had reached the palace. The Scots won the match, and the shoemaker received half of a bulging purse. With the money he built a house in Canongate, and the words James ordered inscribed there are still legible today: "Far and sure."

. . . A famous writer once remarked that there are three activities that especially appeal to men: to the Germans, metaphysics; to the French, love; and to the Scots, golf. Golf, he added, is to Scotland what bullfighting is to Spain and soccer is to Brazil. It seems that people take up games or activities that best suit their own personality traits. The same writer concluded that golf is slow, sure, peaceful, deliberate, and individualistic, just right for the Scots.

Across the centuries, the game of kings and nobles (though one of the first champions was a shoemaker) has gained universal popularity, and there are few countries in the world today where it is not played almost daily. . . .



"Yes, it seems that the fellow he's kicking is hard of hearing."—By Oski in *Vea y Lea*, Buenos Aires

CHARRO HOLIDAY

Rarely does the monthly magazine Intercambio, published by the British Chamber of Commerce in Mexico, miss an opportunity to include a reminiscence by Noel Lindsay about his days as a British-style charro. In this article, he recalls a Carnival celebration in Chapala, Jalisco State:

. . . Every year a Carnival Committee was formed, and the various days of the holiday allotted to different groups—the Ladies, the Charros, the Bus Cooperative, and so on. The Cooperative, being the richest group, was always given the last day, and never failed to make it the liveliest. A queen and two princesses were elected by popular vote, and were always quite ravishing, as most Mexican girls of seventeen or eighteen are. Chamberlains, or perspiring young men to act as the queen's and princesses' escorts, were . . . pressed into service from each group. This happened to me three times . . . not so much, I believe, for my youth or talents for perspiration as because I owned a dinner jacket and because, since I had to be permanently at the queen's side, I could not get down into the ring and make a fool of myself in the daily *jaripeo* [rodeo].

On these Carnival mornings one would struggle into one's *charro* costume and ride down to the plaza at about ten-thirty for the . . . reception of the "bulls" that had been brought in from the contracting hacienda. . . . A procession would be formed: the band first; then the royal ladies, each on a horse with a *charro* . . . ; next the bulls; after them the rest of the *charros*; and finally a herd of urchins, yelling, whistling, and tripping each other up in the dust. As we circled the

village, the populace fell in behind us and we all returned to the plaza to drink free punch (on the Cooperative day, beer) and dance the *jarabe*. By noon the Judge, yelling at our flanks like an excited terrier, and I am sure just as anxious to take an exasperated nip, would have got us back on our horses—queen, princesses, and all—and on our way to the big corral we used as a bullring. . . .

Once the queen and her court were in place, the *jaripeo* began, with most of the village squatted like rows of birds on the loose stone walls of the corral or even clustered in the mesquite trees. The charging bulls and wheeling horses raised a dust that stood up over the corral like the dome of St. Paul's. Any boy that rode a bull was . . . decorated by the queen with a sash that he wore proudly for the rest of the day.

. . . [Then came] lunch and the wonderful slither of cold beer down throats as rough as nutmeg graters from dust. The chamberlains always took the royal ladies to lunch at the Beer Garden, by the lake, and very pleasant it was to eat looking over miles of cool, lazy water. The queen and princesses were usually lively and gay, sometimes . . . stolid and speechless, but they were invariably good to look upon and had hearty appetites, so that one way or another conversation was no problem.

After lunch, more *jaripeo*, and considerably more animation . . . , till dusk. Then there was an enjoyable, tired, and relaxed ride through the fireflies . . . to drop the ladies at their homes and get ready for the ball.

In those days, if you wanted a bath you had the *aguador* bring piping-hot water from the springs. . . . Three trips and you had a good old-fashioned tubful. But after a day in the dust and heat . . . , what heaven it was to have your clean clothes brought down to the public baths, and to soak and roll in a bath the size of a drawing room with the other chamberlains for an hour or so. A quick drink at the hotel, and then, in a car kindly supplied by the Cooperative, we picked up the queen and princesses. . . . Since official balls are much the same everywhere, noisy and exhausting even in one's twenties . . . , we can skip the rest of

the evening. But I must add that anyone who has not experienced the stupendous animation a Mexican can impart to anything he is enjoying has missed one of the world's more remarkable phenomena. . . .

We held *jaripeos* all up and down the state, sometimes in the most unlikely places. (In San Antonio the procession turned off the street, bulls and all, through the front door of a house, this being the only way to reach the corral. It was a strange feeling to ride

past rows of beds, ducking your head to avoid the beams.)

The experienced reader will by now have realized that I am leading up to a Personal Experience, like the man with a bomb story in London during the war. Mine took place at a hacienda called Santa María, where we were asked to perform at a two-day *jaripeo* in honor of the administrator's daughter, who had graduated from high school. It was on the second day, in the evening. Our saddles were packed

on the bus and we were about ready to go home. But the populace wanted more, and the local *vaqueros* kept roping and throwing more bulls and looking around for riders.

Hitherto, out of modesty and self-effacement, I had left the riding of bulls to others. But there I was, full of an excellent lunch, sitting on the corral wall between the highly attractive sisters, or cousins, or aunts, of the administrator's daughter. . . . Somewhat to my surprise, I suddenly became aware that I was walking across the corral toward the bull. In a sort of dreamlike state I found myself straddling it, having the surcingle tied down over my hands by two *vaqueros* with mournful eyes like obituary notices. Then the *vaqueros* twitched off the ropes holding the bull's horns and hind legs and we were off. . . .

From the moment that the bull's spine hit my backside till he stopped bucking and began charging, I remember nothing, nothing at all. I can only assume that I was numb with terror, but I can't even remember that. I am told that the bull bucked very nicely, but that my legs were so long that I appeared to have knotted them under his stomach . . . and that my colleagues came pouring off the walls, snatching up serapes to use as capes, and surrounded the two of us as if they were firemen getting ready to catch someone in a blanket—which is probably the way they felt, at that.

When I came to, the bull and, somewhat unexpectedly, I were facing a cape held by El Cronológico. As he waggled the cape and the bull put down his head and went for it, I was sufficiently exhilarated to get a fleeting intuition of why the animal wanted to charge a brightly colored blanket. It was great fun, swishing through serapes and chasing horses, until the bull got tired and bored and began to stand still and hook back at my wrists. Then the administrator roped him by the horns and I slipped off, suddenly acutely aware of rope burns on my hands.

The sisters and the cousins and the aunts thought I was wonderful. At least, they said so. The Judge didn't. He said I was an idiot, and looking back after twenty years I dare say he was right.



KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' TOURIST HAUNTS?

Answers on page 42



1 You can climb up into the head of this famous statue in the harbor of New York City, a metropolis that is trying to promote itself as "the finest summer resort in the world." The statue was a gift from the people of France. Was its sculptor Ferdinand de Lesseps, Gustave Eiffel, or Frederic Auguste Bartholdi?

2 This is all that is left of Copán, a center of Mayan culture, now accessible by air to even the most casual tourist. Would you say its original inhabitants lived in what today is Mexico, Nicaragua, or Honduras?



3 When completed, the world's only underground cathedral, in the salt mines of Zipaquirá, will be as large as Notre Dame in Paris. Are these mines near Caracas, Bogotá, or Mexico City?



4 Is this Mexican fisherman paddling across Lake Enriquillo, Lake Titicaca, or Lake Pátzcuaro?



5 Cuba's most popular seaside resort extends along five miles of ocean front about a hundred miles from Havana. Is it called Cojimar, La Concha, or Varadero Beach?



6 Noted for its pleasant, unvarying climate, _____, near Valparaiso, Chile, is one of the leading beach resorts on the west coast of South America. Fill in the blank.

7 If you were in this waterfront section of a South American city that stretches along the Guayas River and is the starting point for fishing excursions, would you be in Cartagena, Colombia; La Guaira, Venezuela; or Guayaquil, Ecuador?



8 The Fortress of El Morro in San Juan, Puerto Rico, dates back to 1540 and withstood repeated assaults by English, French, and Dutch privateers. Which other Caribbean capital has a fortress with the same name?

9 One of the most famous views of the city and bay of Rio de Janeiro is from the top of _____, whose statue of Christ is a landmark of the Brazilian capital. Fill in the blank.

10 Special tours can be arranged to visit the mountaintop Citadelle Laferrière near Cap-Haitien, Haiti, which was built by Henri Christophe as a defense against further expeditions by Napoleon. Are excursions to the fortress made by car, airplane, or horseback?





RECENT U.S. NON-FICTION

Reviewed by Hubert Herring

All who hope for genuine cultural sharing among the republics of the Western Hemisphere will find encouragement in the steadily increasing output of books in English on the nations to the south. Out of the many that have come to my desk during recent months, I pick a few for mention here.

High on the list I put John J. Considine's *New Horizons in Latin America*. Father Considine is one of the leaders in the Maryknoll community of missionaries, who are rendering such brilliant service in Chile, Bolivia, Peru, and elsewhere. He has written a sensitive and revealing interpretation of social and religious movements in Latin America. It is a churchman's book, but it will be widely read by those who are not churchmen. Father Considine reveals his all-consuming devotion to the social ministry of the Church. He leads his readers into some of the most poverty-stricken areas, such as the *favelas* on the hillsides around Rio de Janeiro, analyzes their ills with affectionate insight, and describes the ameliorative forces that are now at work. His book is eminently fair and candid. He knows, and says, that powerful groups in Chile resisted the social pronouncements of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, but he finds hope in the newly aroused social conscience of Chilean churchmen. He is also entirely candid in discussing the rising power of Protestantism. As a good Catholic, he does not relish the entrance of Protestant missionaries, but he deals with them in a spirit of gentle understanding that is to be admired.

Next on the shelf is Barbara Tuchman's *The Zimmermann Telegram*. With careful documentation and brilliant style, Mrs. Tuchman retells the story of the famous intercepted message from Berlin to Mexico in January 1917, at a time when the fate of World War I was hanging by a thread. In this message the Germans suggested to Mexico that it enter the war on the German side, then

persuade Japan to join in an attack on the United States; in return, Mexico was promised restoration of the lands lost to the United States in the eighteen-forties. The book is an admirable study in diplomacy, but it also throws much light on the Mexico of that period.

Helen Miller Bailey, a schoolteacher in Los Angeles, has been going to Mexico for a long time. In the twenty-five years since she made her first visit to Santa Cruz Etla, near the southern city of Oaxaca, she has spent many months in that little village. Now, in *Santa Cruz of the Etla Hills*, a delightful book beautifully published by the University of Florida Press, she tells about her friends, describes their houses, children, and way of life. Readers of this book will learn much more about the realities of the life of villagers in Mexico than they could ever learn from stuffy volumes on history.

Selden Rodman has written much good verse, not to mention his excellent *Haiti: The Black Republic*. He now gives us his *Mexican Journal*, with its day-by-day notes on people and places. Reading this highly sensitive and perceptive volume brings to mind again the extraordinary galaxy of brilliant men who have given distinction to Mexican life during the past thirty or forty years. Rodman devotes much space to reports of his conversations with the artists who have won world-wide recognition—Diego Rivera, José Clemente Orozco, David Alfaro Siqueiros, Rufino Tamayo, Miguel Covarrubias, and others. He deals with the politicians, like Cárdenas, Alemán, Ruiz Cortines—and without mincing words. He sets down his discussions with such eminent intellectuals as José Vasconcelos, Manuel Gamio, Alfonso Caso, and Alfonso Reyes. Rodman has a quick eye and ear, and many of his notes will bring nostalgia to those who know and love the land of Mexico.

Professor J. Fred Rippy, one of the leading writers on Latin America, has condensed his wisdom on the twenty southern republics into *Latin America, A Modern History*. This is one of the first volumes to be issued in the University of Michigan's "History of the Modern World"

series, a formidable project that will run to some fifteen volumes. Dr. Rippey's book will be immensely useful both to students and to general readers.

Thanks are due to J. Eric S. Thompson, the distinguished archaeologist, for his new edition of *Thomas Gage's Travels in the New World* and for the excellent introduction he has written for it. The self-portrait of that seventeenth-century rascal is a minor classic. Gage spent his first thirty-eight years in the Church—seventeen as a priest of the Dominican order serving in Mexico and Guatemala, the last fifteen as a "Preacher of the Word of God" in the Church of England. But after all is said, the plain fact is that Gage was a scoundrel. He lied to the Dominicans, and walked out on them when it suited his convenience. Despite his constant avowal of desire to save the Indians from sin, he treated them with gross avarice, collecting toll without shame; in fact, he boasted of it. He played his game with the Catholic Church until he saw which way the winds were blowing in England, and then triumphantly joined the winning side. Then, having become a clergyman in the English Church, he betrayed comrades of many years in the anti-Catholic hunt of the Cromwell days. Having thus dismissed Gage as a knave, I must add that all the same his book on the New World is fascinating and as reliable an account of many things in America as was written in the seventeenth century.

The Puerto Ricans, by Christopher Rand, is by all odds the most satisfactory volume ever written on the subject. The contents of this little book first appeared as articles in the *New Yorker*, where they attracted warm admiration. Mr. Rand spent much time in getting acquainted with the Puerto Ricans in New York—there were some 550,000 of them at the beginning of 1957—and then visited the island from which they had come. The result is a careful, discriminating, and imaginative interpretation of the islanders who have moved from the warmth of the Caribbean to the chill of New York. With more than 7 per cent of the city's population now Puerto Rican, there are inevitable new strains. There is the language barrier: many of the migrants speak little English. There is the housing problem: the Puerto Ricans are crowded into the least comfortable of the city's tenements. There is the school problem: the presence of many Puerto Rican children in some schools complicates the life of teachers. A great variety of municipal agencies—police, health, welfare—find their hands full. The

churches, Catholic and Protestant, render good service. The public-school authorities have done amazingly well in adapting their program. But the situation remains serious. New York is cold, at least in the winter, but the cold is more than a matter of temperature: the impersonal life of a great city, the whole Anglo-Saxon world, seems cold to those who are used to the warmth of their familiar life on an island of Latin American culture, and it is difficult for them to adapt themselves to it.

UNESCO and the New York Graphic Society deserve praise for their publication of *Mexico: Pre-Hispanic Paintings*, with thirty-two full-page color plates reproducing frescoes of the Mayan, Aztec, and Toltec civilizations, chiefly from recently discovered paintings in the Mayan temple of Bonampak. These paintings date from the fourth to the tenth centuries A.D. and rival in brilliance the decorations of the Egyptians. They add further to our knowledge of the religious rites, costumes, and customs of the great Mayan civilization.

One of the best travel books of the season is Nicholas Guppy's *Wai-Wai: Through the Forests North of the Amazon*, the record of his wanderings in British Guiana and his introduction to the Wai-Wais. The author's name is familiar to all collectors of little fish; in fact, his ichthyologist grandfather gave his name to the guppy. Mr. Guppy's account of tropical lands "north of the Amazon," the people who live there, and the flora and fauna of that fantastic world makes this a fine book for the cautious tourist who never ventures beyond the well-paved streets of Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro or New York.

Books on one phase or another of United States history appear in large numbers and variety. Cornel Lengyel's *Four Days in July* is a fascinating reconstruction of the four days that culminated in the Declaration of Independence in 1776. The major characters—and some of the minor—who participated in the Continental Congress are brought to life so that the drama of those days is clothed in vigor and light. This is a fine book for young people who wish to understand the beginnings of the United States.

Another excellent book on the United States is David Lavender's *Land of Giants*. This is a record of the steps by which the Pacific Northwest was occupied during two centuries—a lush land with "bigger bears than any hunter had ever seen at home. . . . Taller pine trees, fatter fish, . . . greener grass." It is the story of the Indians who first held the land, of the British, of the Americans. It is the story of bloodshed, and of exploitation, and finally of efforts to develop the resources of a vast area in orderly fashion. The job was, and is, one for giants.

We are celebrating the centennial of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt, and various books are appearing on that somewhat bellicose but always interesting president. George E. Mowry's *The Era of Theodore Roosevelt, 1900-1910* is an exciting analysis of one of the most controversial figures of recent times. Those concerned for better relations between the United States and Latin America will find Mr. Mowry's account of Roosevelt's "Hemisphere Diplomacy" worth reading. Historians both





north and south tend to agree that Roosevelt was precipitate and high-handed in his dealings with Colombia over the Panama Canal question and also in his dealings with the Dominican Republic and Venezuela. Mr. Mowry suggests that Roosevelt's aggressiveness was tempered after 1905, when Elihu Root became Secretary of State.

"Remember the *Maine*!" was the battle cry with which the United States went to war against Spain in 1898. The story of that proud battleship is well told in a little volume by John Edward Weems, *The Fate of the Maine*. It was during the night of February 15, 1898, that the U.S.S. *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor, and immediately the cry for revenge against Spain rang out. But who was responsible for that explosion? The Spaniards, to discourage American intervention? The Cuban revolutionaries, in order to bring the United States into their war against Spanish troops? Or did the battleship blow up without outside assistance? No one knows, but this book raises interesting questions.

Jonathan Daniels, a newspaper editor in North Carolina (and son of Josephus Daniels, the beloved ambassador to Mexico), has written one of the most interesting, and at the same time scholarly, accounts of what happened in the United States after the Civil War: *Prince of Carpetbaggers*. The victorious northerners moved into the southern states to impose the national will upon the defeated secessionists; this was the period of "Reconstruction." The wise voice of Abraham Lincoln had been silenced by an assassin, and many of the men who took over the task of "reconstructing" the South were neither wise nor honest. Mr. Daniels has picked out one of these "carpetbaggers" for detailed treatment. General Milton S. Littlefield, using his friendship with Lincoln in order to secure preferment, went into the South, used his power to exploit the helpless landowners, and acquired a considerable fortune. His holiday lasted almost five years, and then he was lucky to escape northward with his life. The scoundrelly general has long since been forgotten, but Mr. Daniels has done good service by ferreting out his record. The book is finely written.

Herbert Feis's big book, *Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin*, is

not only magnificent scholarship but also a highly sensitive interpretation of the three chief actors in one of the most critical periods in the world's history. Mr. Feis is one of the brilliant men with long service in the Department of State, an indefatigable delver into the archives, a writer of charm and strength. His analysis of the personalities of the prime actors, his interpretations of the interaction between them, serve to make more clear the events of the fateful years of World War II.

And here are two books by brilliant journalists. Marquis Childs' critical book *Eisenhower: Captive Hero* is written with warm appreciation, with complete candor, and with fine discrimination. It is a tribute to the stoutness of the democracy of the United States that such a book can be written and published. The other volume, *The Reporter's Trade*, by Joseph and Stewart Alsop, is one of the most exciting personal records that I have seen for many a year. The two brothers have worked side by side for many years, turning out columns of analysis of national and international events that are printed in several hundred U.S. newspapers. In order to collect information and to reach judgments, one or both of them have traveled widely. They have played a foremost role in demanding that the United States prepare itself to meet the threat of attack. They have been bitterly hated by men in high posts, but they continued to expose the failure of Washington to take bold and imaginative action in arming the land with the weapons of the nuclear age. The United States owes much to its reporters, and especially to men like the Alsops, Marquis Childs, Walter Lippmann, and various others.



Finally, let me devote a few words to Eleanor Roosevelt's *On My Own*. When Franklin Roosevelt died in 1945, his widow was sixty-one. In this book she tells of her activities during the past thirteen years: her long service with the United Nations, her travels in Europe and Asia, her lecturing and writing at home, her family and friends everywhere. It is an absorbing account of the myriad activities and the lively thought of a very great and very generous woman. Never in the history of the United States has one woman so profoundly influenced the thinking and the feeling of the nation as has Eleanor Roosevelt. Reading this book of hers leaves one with a warm glow of affection and gratitude.

NEW HORIZONS IN LATIN AMERICA, by John J. Considine, M.M. New York, Dodd, Mead and Company, 1958. 379 p. \$5.00

THE ZIMMERMANN TELEGRAM, by Barbara W. Tuchman. New York, The Viking Press, 1958. 244 p. \$3.95

SANTA CRUZ OF THE ETNA HILLS, by Helen Miller Bailey. Gainesville, University of Florida Press, 1958. 292 p. \$6.00

MEXICAN JOURNAL: THE CONQUERORS CONQUERED, by Selden Rodman. New York, The Devin-Adair Company, 1958. 298 p. \$6.00

LATIN AMERICA, A MODERN HISTORY, by J. Fred Rippy. Ann Arbor, The University of Michigan Press, 1958. 579 p. \$7.50

THOMAS GAGE'S TRAVELS IN THE NEW WORLD, edited and with an introduction by J. Eric S. Thompson. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1958. 379 p. \$5.00

THE PUERTO RICANS, by Christopher Rand. New York, Oxford University Press, 1958. 178 p. \$3.75

MEXICO: PRE-HISPANIC PAINTINGS. Published by The New York Graphic Society by arrangement with UNESCO, 1958. \$18.00

WAI-WAI: THROUGH THE FORESTS NORTH OF THE AMAZON, by Nicholas Guppy. New York, E. P. Dutton and Company, 1958. 373 p. \$5.95

FOUR DAYS IN JULY, by Cornel Lengyel. New York, Doubleday and Company, 1958. 360 p. \$4.95

LAND OF GIANTS: THE DRIVE TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, 1750-1950, by David Lavender. New York, Doubleday and Company, 1958. 486 p. \$5.95

THE ERA OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, by George E. Mowry. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1958. 330 p. \$5.00

THE FATE OF THE MAINE, by John Edward Weems. New York, Henry Holt and Company, 1958. 207 p. \$3.95

PRINCE OF CARPETBAGGERS, by Jonathan Daniels. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1958. 319 p. \$4.95

CHURCHILL-ROOSEVELT-STALIN, by Herbert Feis. Princeton, New Jersey, Princeton University Press, 1958. 692 p. \$6.95

EISENHOWER: CAPTIVE HERO, by Marquis Childs. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1958. 310 p. \$4.75

THE REPORTER'S TRADE, by Joseph and Stewart Alsop. New York, Reynal and Company, 1958. 377 p. \$5.00

ON MY OWN, by Eleanor Roosevelt. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1958. 241 p. \$4.00

Hubert Herring reports regularly on U.S. books for AMÉRICAS.



WHERE CAN I BUY THEM?

Below, in response to many requests from U.S. readers, is a partial list of bookstores in the United States that stock or will order Latin American books reviewed in AMÉRICAS. Additional bookstores will be added as their names and addresses are received.

STECHELT-HAFFNER 31 East Tenth Street New York, New York	LAS AMERICAS PUBLISHING CO. 30 West Twelfth Street New York 11, New York
FRANZ FEGER 17 East Twenty-second Street New York, New York	FRANZ BADER, INC. 1705 G Street, N.W. Washington 6, D.C.
BRENTANO'S, INC. 586 Fifth Avenue New York 19, New York (and all branches)	WORLD AFFAIRS BOOKSHOP 1518 Connecticut Ave., N.W. Washington, D.C.
LA PRENSA 245 Canal Street New York 13, New York	

GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom. Inquiries about pictures credited PAU should be addressed to the Columbus Memorial Library Photographic Collection, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C.)

Inside front cover	Courtesy PAU Visual Arts Section
2, 3	Ralph Robinson
11, 12, 13, 14, 15	Mario Bonavita
16, 17, 18, 20	Courtesy National Park Service
19	Warren Steenbergh, courtesy National Park Service—Charles J. Ott, courtesy National Parks Service
26	Nos. 1, 2, and 4, Antonia Arlas
27	Antonia Arlas (4)
28, 30, 31	Courtesy Hurok Attractions
29	Courtesy United Nations
32, 33	Gilbert Khachadourian and Edwin Koumrian
42	Nos. 1, Nyspex-Commerce—No. 2, Diane and Ray Witlin—No. 3, courtesy Bank of the Republic, Bogotá—Nos. 4, 5, and 10, PAU—No. 6, Earl Leaf, Rapho-Guillumette—No. 7, Bodo Wuth—No. 8, courtesy Eastern Air Lines—No. 9, Carlos Botelho
Inside back cover	University of Chile, courtesy Enrique Bunster

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 38

1. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi.
2. Honduras.
3. Near Bogotá.
4. Lake Pátzcuaro.
5. Varadero Beach.
6. Viña del Mar.
7. Guayaquil, Ecuador.
8. Havana.
9. Corcovado.
10. Horseback.



Letters

LANGUAGES

Dear Sirs:

Some time ago the *San Francisco Examiner* ran an editorial deploring the lack of knowledge of the Russian language. One of its columnists has said we were handicapped in Lebanon because we had so few personnel who could speak Arabic. Since Spanish is the official language of all the Latin American countries except Brazil and Haiti, and since these countries will become the largest consumer market in the world, you might expect that we would make a serious effort to see that our rising generation knows Spanish. We are not doing so.

When a company operating in Mexico recently sought fifty foremen who could speak Spanish, it found only seventeen it could accept. . . . We cannot expect these people to trade with us when there are Germans, Japanese, Italians, and others who also have plenty to sell and who can speak Spanish.

Arthur F. Hyde
San Francisco, California

MUSIC AND MAPS

Dear Sirs:

. . . AMÉRICAS has acquainted me with events and customs of other countries, but so far I have not found any article on native Argentine music, which is now very much in vogue in our country. I would like to see such an article published in AMÉRICAS, so this music will be known elsewhere.

Where can I secure a map of the Pan American Highway and the necessary information to make a trip from Argentina to the United States by car? I would also like to correspond and exchange photographs and other things of interest to young people along the Highway.

Alberto C. Mirtuono
Gutenberg 1545
Rosario, Argentina

In our September (English) 1956 issue, Assistant Editor Betty Wilson discussed Argentine folk music; we hope to publish something on the Indian music of Argentina, as Mr. Mirtuono suggests, as soon as we can find an author.

Pan American Highway maps are available from the International Travel Department of the American Automobile Association, 255 Park Avenue, New York City; and from the Esso Touring Service, 51 West Fifteenth Street, New York City.

ANY ANSWERS?

Dear Sirs:

Your "Mail Bag" section has given me opportunities to exchange views with young people in several Latin American countries.

I have found that they know a good deal about my country and about Latin America in general. Unfortunately, I have not had the same experience with residents of the United States, and a Puerto Rican friend who lives in New York City confirms my impression that in the great northern nation very little or nothing is known about South America. Why is this? I would be pleased to hear the views of one or more readers in the United States.

Roberto Asis
Derqui 395
Córdoba, Argentina

INDIAN ARTIFACTS

Dear Sirs:

In an appealing picture on your September 1958 cover, a very modern little girl clasps the mailed hand of an old, old suit of armor, and looks up into its "face."

My husband clipped a frame from a home movie and I had a print made of a very modern little boy touching the hand of an old "wooden Indian" and looking up into its face.



The world over, the suit of armor would be recognized. Not so the wooden Indian, which marked the entrance to many a cigar store in the United States in an era now past.

This particular wooden Indian stands as a relic in Greenfield Village, near Detroit, and the movie from which this print is taken was made in 1952. It is not a first-rate print, but good enough to convey the same attitude on the part of the little boy as is shown in the little girl, as they investigate with wonder and curiosity these odd men out of history.

Alice Mott
Whitmore Lake, Michigan

LATINS IN MANHATTAN

Dear Sirs:

"Spanish Americans Invade Broadway,"

by Armando Zegrí, in the November issue, was an extremely well-written article. I was of the impression that José Quintero taught at the Boston University School of Fine Arts around 1953, but the author did not mention it.

Milton D. Klein
Boston, Massachusetts

During the school year 1954-1955, José Quintero directed three one-act plays by Thornton Wilder in the Division of Theater Arts of the Boston University School of Fine and Applied Arts. They were presented as a single major production on March 3, 4, and 5, 1955. He is a member of the school's Council of Participating Directors.

GRAB BAG

Dear Sirs:

. . . "Railroad Fever" [December 1958] is one of the most comprehensive and understanding general write-ups of model railroading that I have ever seen. Both Elizabeth B. Kilmer, the author, and Ralph Robinson, the illustrator, deserve congratulations.

A. C. Kalmbach
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Sirs:

. . . I wish to compliment you on your excellent presentation of Captain Ronne's article ["In the Shadow of the South Pole"] on his work at Ellsworth Station, Antarctica, in the October issue. It was a fine piece of work, which he described and illustrated beautifully.

Elliot B. Roberts
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

As a subscriber since your first number, I . . . enjoy receiving your publication. It keeps me in contact with a field of my research, and the variety of the articles and illustrations means an oasis among the drier research that I am now doing.

Pál Kelemen
Norfolk, Connecticut

Dear Sirs:

. . . As a native of Cuzco I was interested to read Adolfo Solórzano Díaz's article "Magic for the Farm" in the June issue. I hope the Beltsville Agricultural Center will succeed in the cultivation of quinoa for the benefit of the Americas. . . .

Guillermo Avendaño
Cuzco, Peru

PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY

Dear Sirs:

May I . . . suggest you publish an article on the Pan American Highway in the near future? I understand that its construction began more than twelve years ago, yet very little is known about it. How much has been completed? Where are the good hotels or motels along its route? . . . May I also suggest that something be mentioned about the new highway on the Yucatán Peninsula. . . .

Anthony Kivet
Fairhaven, Massachusetts

We have published such information from time to time over the years, and plan to continue doing so as new stretches open up. One of our most extensive articles appeared in January 1955, accompanied by a detailed

map. In August 1957 we ran an article on the explorations for a route that were being made in the jungles of Darien, Panama, site of the largest remaining gap.

BULLETIN BOARD

Dear Sirs:

... For many years I have been a collector of stamps, mainly ... from the Philippines and the Latin American countries. I am also a keen student of Latin American affairs and correspond with collector friends in some of the South American nations, with whom I exchange stamps and magazines. ... In the case of Central America I regret to say that I have not had the same success; in fact, I have been unable to make contact with any of these countries. As the Pan American Union covers the whole of Latin America, I am hoping you can help me.

L. Addy
12 Carr Lane
Glasshoughton,
Near Castleford, Yorkshire
England

Dear Sirs:

I received my first issue of AMÉRICAS today. I must say I enjoyed it more than you could ever realize and am looking forward to the next issue. I especially like the letters section at the back—a kind of open forum where people who read your magazine can converse together. ... I am very much interested in American Indians and their arts and crafts. I would enjoy hearing from any AMÉRICAS readers who are also interested in these things—especially people from a South American country like Bolivia, Ecuador, or Peru.

Claude Medford, Jr.
P.O. Box 884
Lufkin, Texas

Dear Sirs:

... As a collector of decorative plants I should like to hear from readers of your magazine interested in exchanging plant seeds.

Erwin Klemme
Ministro Rivadavia
Estación Burzaco, FCNGR
Argentina

Dear Sirs:

I am interested in establishing an Inter-American Economic Geography Club with members in various Latin American countries, and should like to hear the reaction of readers from all over the Hemisphere.

Manuel da Rocha Barbosa
Bloco Detag 25-B
Urucua (via Ilhéus)
Bahia, Brazil

Dear Sirs:

I am writing this in the hope of finding correspondents in Latin America interested in stamp collecting, and in giving or sending things to needy people. I would also like to correspond with someone who may visit the United States and stay with me, or whom I can visit when I go to Latin America.

Charles E. Queller
67-38 Selfridge Street
Forest Hills 15, New York

Dear Sirs:

I am very much interested in establishing a "Pens for Peace" Club in the United States and hereby invite citizens of other countries to join me, ...

David Cleveland
46 Middle Street
Braintree 84, Massachusetts

Dear Sirs:

In a letter in the November issue, Mr. Fred Weinstein stated that tape-spondents should be added to the "Mail Bag." I feel that the promotion of tape-sponding by a

tri-lingual magazine such as AMÉRICAS would do much to promote good will among the people of the American nations. In addition, many language students could improve their pronunciation and add to their vocabularies many idioms and expressions they would not otherwise know. I am sixteen years old, and I would appreciate it if some English students whose native language is Spanish would tape-spond with me.

Jacquelyn Anne Hahn
592 Bloomfield Avenue
Clifton, New Jersey

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must apply individually, print their names and addresses, and be able to write in at least two of the OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by initials; students should say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

Jim Hilliard (E.S.P.F.) Italian,
German)—C
1804 Brown Street
Little Rock, Arkansas

Ramón Hernández García (E.S.P.)
Avenida González Ortega No. 609
Ciudad Camargo, Chihuahua,
Mexico

Juan García Ruiz (S.P.)
Estafeta 339
Regimiento Zapadores No. 1
AAIUN, Spanish West Africa

José María Rodríguez Oñe
(S.F.)—H
Calle Sagunto No. 5, pral. 1º
Barcelona, Spain

Enrique Miguel Marco García
(S.F.)—H
Marqués de Sentmenat 18, entl. 3º
Barcelona, Spain

Juan Manuel Cuesta (E.S.P.F.)
Entenza 60
Barcelona, Spain

Sandie McCoy (E.S.)—H
2113 Olympic Drive
Bakersfield, California

Frank Kerkakes (E.S.)—H
911 Woodrow Avenue
Oildale, California

Larry Adams (E.S.)—H
1309½ Monache Drive
Oildale, California

Carlos Gzencelak (S.P.)
Caixa Postal 481
Kolândia, PR, Brazil

Elkin Moreno Posada (S.P.)
Carrera 38 No. 31 23
Medellín, Colombia

Jody Jageler (E.S.)—H
Box 596
Hobbs, New Mexico

José Luis Segura de Vicente (E.S.)
Buen Orden 7
Valencia, Spain

Nereida Toledo Fonte (E.S.)—C
Consulado No. 10, Apto. 3 B
La Habana, Cuba

Antonio Maffrand (S.F.)
9 de Julio No. 85
La Carlota, Córdoba, Argentina

Gladys A. Itois (E.S.)
Colombres 420, Dio. C
Buenos Aires, Argentina

M. Graciela Capolbo (E.S.)—H
Ríoja 2361
Mar del Plata, Argentina

Santos Delgado Rodrigo (E.S.F.,
Italian, Swedish)
Odinsgatan 19
Göteborg, C., Sweden

Emilia Cernik (E.S.,
Czechoslovakian)
Francia 2874
Florida, FCNGBM, Buenos Aires
Argentina

Tania Cernik (E.S.,
Czechoslovakian)
Francia 2874
Florida, FCNGBM, Buenos Aires
Argentina

Fumio Nakamura (E.P.F.)
a/c Banco Itaú S.A.
Caixa Postal 147
Londrina, PR, Brazil

Gloria Esther Sanz Balbusa
(E.S.)—C
Rivadavia 233
Villaguay, Entre Ríos, Argentina

Juan P. Navarro (E.S.P.F.)
Boña Perfecta 172
(Schumann)
Las Palmas, Canary Islands, Spain

Rodolfo Francis Tinoco (E.S.F.)
Apartado 2303
San José, Costa Rica

Margaret Muir (E.S.)
49 Belford Road
Edinburgh 4, Scotland

Gloria Bolanos (E.S.F.)—H
Calle 3a, No. 2-37
Popayán, Colombia

Miguel Soley (E.S., Italian,
Esperanto)
Casilla de Correo 3
General Roca, Pcia. de Córdoba,
Argentina

Patty Gause (E.S.)—H
301 Sherwood Road
Columbia, South Carolina

Pete Richards (E.S.)—H
728 Belt Line Boulevard
Columbia, South Carolina

Jane Hinnant (E.S.)—H
1333 Whittaker Drive
Columbia, South Carolina

Angela Timmons (E.S.)—H
2811 Burney Drive
Columbia, South Carolina

Bobby Vickery (E.S.)—H
4121 Devereaux Street
Columbia, South Carolina

Thomasine Dabbs (E.S.)—H
1205 Belmont Drive
Columbia, South Carolina

Elaine Moore (E.S.)—H
1530 Milford Road
Columbia, South Carolina

Kathy Dixon (E.S.)
3812 Duncan Street
Columbia, South Carolina

Bobby Cherry (E.S.)—H
3451 Coleman Street
Columbia, South Carolina

Jerry Boone (E.S.)—H
3318 Wilmot Avenue
Columbia, South Carolina

Bonnie Adams (E.S.)—H
3823 Trenholm Road
Columbia, South Carolina

Celia Childress (E.S.)—H
731 Albion Road
Columbia, South Carolina

Kathryn Childress (E.S.)—H
731 Albion Road
Columbia, South Carolina

Kae Harper (E.S.)—H
1433 Woodlawn Avenue
Columbia, South Carolina

George Laurey (E.S.)—H
122 South Sima Avenue
Columbia, South Carolina

Barry Meyer (E.S.)—H
4111 Kilbourne Road
Columbia, South Carolina

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D.C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Axtex Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.

Opposite: Easter Island monolithic head
twice the height of a man. Some are much bigger.



the Inter-American study kit

The Pan American Union offers to teachers, students, church groups, Boy and Girl Scouts, and all those interested in inter-American relations a series of illustrated booklets about the Caribbean and Central and South America.

Through these twenty-six different publications, you will learn more about the history, geography, culture, economy, and industry of Latin America. You will also receive the latest issues of *AMÉRICAS* and the *Annals of the OAS*; *¡Qué Rico!*, a cook book; the *OAS Handbook*; and *The OAS and the United Nations*.

All basic information about the OAS and its member states is offered to you at the **special price of \$3.00.**
(Regular price is \$4.85.)

Send your order to:

Sales and Promotion Division, Office of Publication Services
PAN AMERICAN UNION, Washington 6, D.C.

PAN AMERICAN UNION
Washington 6, D. C., U. S.



OFFICIAL BUSINESS

UNIV MICROFILMS
315 N ZEEB ST
ANN ARBOR MI 48106

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID
PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, \$300

EXENTO DE FRANQUEO POSTAL
ISENTO DE FRANQUÍA POSTAL